

The Buzz On How Maggie Got Fondled By Flecko

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Collections:	Crack Fics , General musical based fics , Weird , Crack Pairings Need Love Too , Crack ships , Welcome to the mind f**k , Funny , Made me laugh , laugh out loud , I Haven't Read This Yet , What I've Read , These stories are full of poooooooooorn , Yandere , Dark , For Maglor - Of dark and beautiful and strange things , A Whisper to the Dark Side , Familial Attraction , Incest Fanfiction , Stories About Incest , Child-Savers , Future Reads , Miraculous Reads , Works About Healing , Gay Ass Raep(Rape) , Favorite Romance Fics , Romance Fanfics , creepypasta stories
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Summary

In this Rocko's Modern Life / Buzz On Maggie crossover fanfic that (for obvious reasons) is in fact likely the VERY first of its kind, Maggie gets kidnapped from her home by Flecko (a filthy, smelly hobo masquerading as her uncle), with her being able to find a better life in the real world outside the junkyard being used as a lure, and is led into a rather...INTERESTING scenario, to say the least. Viewer discretion (and having watched A Time To Kill) is most certainly advised.

THE BUZZ ON HOW I GOT FONDLED BY FLECKO

Greetings, my dearly appreciated readers, and thank you for taking the time to look at this...AHM...rather harrowing and mortifying (to say the LEAST) personal account (mixed with some rather shockingly precise personal accounts of OTHER people that just so happened to also live in O-Town) of how I, the dearly beloved anthro-fly tomboy rockstar Maggie Pesky (now exactly 13 years old; 12 at the time of this VERY unfortunately, yet also kind of fortunately true story), ended up having to live in O-Town's local mental institution for several months due to PTSD-induced insanity from what my ever-so-creepy old uncle, Flecko, had done to me. However, I personally would not recommend reading much farther unless you have either A) an extremely strong stomach, and/or B) a nice big barf bag on hand.

You see, it all started in my hilariously gross and pathetic (at least by full-sized hum-animal standards, anyway) home-shantytown of Stickyfeet, also known as Not-Quite-New Junk City (which, strangely enough, actually turned out to be right in the middle of O-Town's local dump; I honestly don't know whether or not I actually SHOULD be glad that it just so happened to be in such an incredibly convenient location for good old Uncle Flecko to exceedingly thinly-veiledly kidnap me from, but just bear with me here).

One day in my rather uncharacteristically humble abode (which, naturally, was none other than a great big empty milk carton in the shape of a house), I was just chilling out, maxing out, relaxing all cool and all strumming some sweet notes on my trusty hot-pink double-neck guitar...when all of a sudden, some hairy, smelly, weird-looking old hobo by the name of Flecko (who was CLEARLY up to no good, might I add) decided to start making some awfully SERIOUS legal trouble in my neighborhood (which ironically turned out for the best after all; more on that later) by flying his way (presumably from the also HEAVILY abused and emotionally crippled O-Town wallaby resident Rocko's trash can) STRAIGHT onto my (immediate) family's front doorstep and obnoxiously pounding on the door as if he literally, like, OWNED the freaking place or some shit.

"Um, HELLO?! What is it? More importantly, who ARE you?" my nerdy, Filburt-bespectacled, office-suit-wearing, cheesy-mustached father (Chauncey Pesky) and his ever-so-lovely-and-slender blonde housewife (Frieda Pesky) somewhat angrily swung the front door open (causing Flecko to reflexively fly backward in a quick dodging motion so as to avoid getting well-deservedly smashed in the face by said door) and asked Flecko as me and my adorably pint-sized, 8-year-old little brother (Pupert Pesky) somewhat reluctantly walked down the stairs and also approached the front door to see who it was.

"Greetings, everybody! I could not POSSIBLY be prouder to announce to each and every one of you that my name most certainly IS indeed Flecko! Flecko the Fly!" Flecko explained proudly,

performing a great big flying backflip and finishing it off with only THE most downright insufferably melodramatic of "TA-DA" poses and cheesy grins just to illustrate to us how irritatingly proud he was of both himself and his amazingly uncreative name that was most likely rivaled only by mine in its sheer creative ineptitude and corniness (at least to what my current knowledge at the time had been) while me, my little bro and my parents alike just exasperatedly rolled our eyes at his (in retrospect) hilariously nonexistent expense.

"Uh huh...so tell me, buckaroo, WHY exactly should WE, of all people, be impressed by this?" my good old letterman-jacketed, 16-year-old, narcissistic douchebag jock of a big brother (Aldrin Pesky) suddenly joined the familial crowd and sarcastically asked Flecko, adorning his irritatingly handsome face with a painstakingly smug and self-absorbed smirk all the while.

"Uhh...because I, like, LIVE in Rocko's trash can and still look THIS mouthwateringly appetizing?" Flecko nervously explained, lifting up his tank-topped arms to expose his putrid, hairy armpits (as well as quite a good bit of his big, bloated beer gut) while also thrusting his rather unsettlingly well-endowed pelvis DIRECTLY in my general direction as both me and the rest of my immediate family disgustedly covered our eyes with our (four separate, as opposed to Flecko's mysteriously two separate) forearms and audibly retched in response.

"Yeah? Well, WE literally LIVE off of eating and drinking the likes of spoiled eggs, stale crackers, moldy cheese and rotten apple juice, and yet we STILL look MONUMENTALLY more attractive than YOU do at ANY rate; what exactly IS your point, might I ask?" Aldrin arrogantly (but in this case, very justifiedly) crossed his arms over his chest and sneered at "poor" Flecko, prompting Frieda to frustratedly grab Aldrin by the arm and hiss his very own first, middle and last names scornfully into his ear in miracle order while Flecko's entire (glass) right eyeball fell right out of its socket and bounced several times on the ground.

"Um...heh-heh, oh MY!" Flecko rather awkwardly and embarrassedly stammered, squatting down on his knees, grabbing his freakishly convincing (not to mention MOIST) false eye right back up off of the ground and twisting it right back into its respective socket (as well as seemingly-unknowingly PERFECTLY setting the tone for the rather grotesquely bizarre events that, in retrospect, were downright ALARMINGLY soon to follow between me and him, to put it LIGHTLY) before finally topping off the awkwardness with a big, goofy and visibly sweat-dripping grin and a blatantly innocence-feigning crossing of his arms behind his back while me, Dad and my brothers just disgustedly stuck our tongues out and face-palmed ourselves (and Frieda also FINALLY finished nagging Aldrin, thank God).

"Frieda, quit harassing him for God's sake; you KNOW he's just telling it like it is, after all!" Chauncey frustratedly grabbed Frieda by the arm (albeit FAR more lightly than she had done with Aldrin just a few seconds ago, might I add) and loudly hissed into HER ear while Flecko let loose an extremely loud "AHEM" and politely bowed to me and Pupert, prompting me to immediately scoop the poor little baby right up off of the floor and protectively cradle him in my arms while Frieda and Chauncey worriedly nodded their heads, crossed their OWN arms over their chests and soul-piercingly death-glared at Flecko in response, causing the poor, ugly and hairy blue bastard's face to turn deathly pale as he closed his eyes and put his hands right in front of his face in prayer position, presumably racking his brain for something at least adequately suitable to say next (needless to say, him CLEARLY not caring in the SLIGHTEST about whether or not he came across as a blatant pedophile still hadn't changed at ALL; he literally JUST needed a good excuse to...AHEM...kidnap me and take me out to the local Chuck'E'Cheese's for some "good, clean family" fun, so to speak).

"Alright, listen, guys; I mean absolutely NO harm of ANY sort to any of you, most ESPECIALLY that sweet, precious little daughter of yours!" Flecko did the jazz hands and explained extremely

nervously, glancing rapidly from side to side, sweating feverishly and trembling like the pathetic coward that he obviously was while me and the rest of the family each cocked an eyebrow at him and continued glaring just as suspiciously as ever into his rather unsurprisingly shifty eyes as he crossed his arms behind his back yet again and began awkwardly whistling.

"Go on..." I very snarkily muttered to Flecko, crossing my arms over my chest and rolling my eyes yet again in sheer disbelief at Flecko's absolutely COMPLETE lack of common sense as he continued "explaining" himself.

"You see, I'm not really sure if any of you guys know this, per se, but believe it or not, I'm actually Maggie's long-lost UNCLE of all people!" Flecko very clearly lied (to me, at least; unfortunately, however, the rest of my family wasn't quite so wise) as he frantically reached into one of his pants pockets, pulled out his wallet and opened it REAL wide, revealing a great big (fake) ID card that "pointed out", in a rather oddly specific detail, that he, of all people, actually "was", in fact, my uncle.

Needless to say, this DEFINITELY wasn't "flying" with me (as I rather visibly illustrated TO Flecko by positioning my eyelids into a more-than-mildly ticked-off V shape), but as I already just mentioned in the previous sentence, my parents and siblings unfortunately didn't have quite so much experience with child stalkers and identity thieves as I did, leading them to not really know any better but to blindly trust what this guy was saying as if it were officially certified fact.

"Well, I'll be a mangy old flea-bitten hyena's BRAIN parasite; it really IS you after all!" Chauncey laughed uproariously, merrily walking up to Flecko and slapping him on the back in classic "Dad" fashion while Frieda, Pupert and Aldrin reluctantly nodded their heads and smiled welcomingly in agreement (okay, okay, I'll admit it; while Flecko certainly wasn't telling the truth when he claimed that he had good intentions regarding the things that he wanted to do with me *shudders audibly*, it actually WAS, in fact, later proven by the local identification service that, technically speaking, he actually WAS a form of uncle to me, mind you...just certainly not of the strictly FAMILIAL variety by ANY means, as he was basically just a relatively loose college friend that my dad allegedly got drunk and watched football a few times with and then, as he was already just about to point out himself, completely forgot about due to how completely uninteresting and dull he was at the time, both appearance-wise AND personality-wise).

"Why, I haven't seen you in so many years that I actually completely forgot what you even LOOKED like in the FIRST sodding place! Now it's all coming right back to me like yet another wildly crazed swarm of angry tax collectors from downtown!" Chauncey merrily laughed and continued explaining, wrapping his arm around Flecko and patting him on the shoulder while me, Frieda and my brothers just looked at each other suspiciously, still EXTREMELY far from being able to trust this guy in reality (despite what I may or may not have claimed earlier) as Frieda finally gave me the signal to set poor little Pupert back down onto the ground and reluctantly walk over to where my dad and his so-called loyal friend were busy standing proudly next to each other in ever-so-unnervingly eager anticipation for me to finally let go of my fears and accept the latter's clearly inevitable offer for me to go on...whatever kind of recreational trip he may or may not have had in mind for me...with him (COLOSSAL mistake, believe you me).

"Hey, little sweetheart! Long time, no see!" Flecko chuckled merrily as I nervously cleared my throat and confronted him face-to-face once and for all. "How's about you and me sneak into a rock concert together? What do you say, huh?" he asked me VERY unsettlingly eagerly and nervously, once again frantically glancing back and forth and sweating feverishly while Aldrin shot a rather understandably distrustful side glare at Frieda, to which Frieda just stubbornly shrugged it off and continued smiling from ear to ear.

"Well, you see, the main problem here, among many others, the vast majority of which I'd personally much rather not mention at the moment, is that you're not really my-" I very uneasily stammered, drumming my fingers together rapidly and desperately struggling to avoid eye contact with him as he creepily licked his lips and scratched his nuts in seemingly unbearable anticipation for me to agree to his offer.

"Uncle?" Flecko chuckled smugly, looking down at me and patting me on the head every bit as obnoxiously condescendingly as ever while Aldrin frightenedly whispered into Frieda's ear (probably about the excruciatingly bad vibes that Flecko gave off, I would imagine), causing her to hatefully scold him and slap him across the face. "Sure, I might not exactly have, uhh...OFFICIAL ties to your family or anything, but believe me; when you finally get back home from this absolutely EPIC trip that the two of us are about to embark on, you'll be AWFULLY happy that I was here, let me tell you!" Flecko explained extensively to me, molesting- I mean, stroking me like a fluffy little kitten and quite nearly causing me to literally pass out from how utterly ATROCIOUS his breath smelled (even by FLY standards, no less) in the process while Chauncey and Frieda VERY impatiently glared and nodded their heads at me, obviously very eagerly wanting to simply get this whole charade over with as soon as possible so that they could go back to surfing the Interweb almost nonstop, petulantly bickering with each other about the pettiest of, well, garbage, and most importantly feasting on moldy strawberries, brown bananas and whatnot (as much as I hate to admit this, Aldrin actually DID, in fact, turn out to be the only sane person between him, my mother and my father).

"(GULP) Okay, FINE, I'll go on your stupid trip to who-knows-where with you, as long as it at least gets THIS excruciating awkwardness over with..." I dejectedly sighed, taking his gross, fuzzy hand and reflexively gagging from how generally awful he smelled as all of a sudden, COMPLETELY without warning, he literally just FLEW right off with me in tow (with me also ironically clinging onto his aforementioned hand for dear life in the process, despite the fact that I myself was very clearly also flying along WITH him) while Aldrin understandably continued frustratedly arguing with Mom and Dad about how incredibly seedy and untrustworthy this Flecko guy really was, but sadly to no avail despite him making his absolute best efforts to re-convince them (my best guess as to how this later ended up working out is that Mom and Dad actually DID eventually end up agreeing with him, but just simply didn't care until it was WAY too late).

"WOW...so THAT'S where I've been, pardon the pun, STUCK all this time..." I astonishedly gasped in childlike wonder and amazement as me and Flecko, after proudly ascending WAY above the literal dump heap in which I had been living for the past (not to mention FIRST) twelve entire YEARS of my stinking, miserable life, briefly turned ourselves around mid-flight and stopped for about half a minute or so just to speechlessly marvel at how pathetically small and disgusting of a world (called STICKYFEET, no less) I really, really HAD been living in all that time before I met Flecko on that ever-so-symbolically fateful day. And wouldn't you know it; just like that, he literally INSTANTLY became my beloved hero just for that ALONE! (Don't be fooled, though; he really WAS just trying to butter me up for what he was...AHEM...not-exactly-very-secretly planning to do with me about twenty minutes or so later, the sick degenerate FUCK...)

"Pathetic, is it not?" Flecko placed his wrists on his hips in the ever-so-classic "big cheese" pose and sneered mockingly at my former (miserable joke of a) hometown, clearly sharing my own selfish disregard for the fact that my very own immediate family, as well as literally everyone ELSE in Stickyfeet, was still (AHEM) stuck living there as well (though to be fair, they WERE at least still happy with it due to not knowing any better, so why SHOULD I have cared) while I just proudly nodded my head and playfully mimicked his "big cheese" pose in agreement.

"You sure can say THAT again, buckaroo! Come on, let's GO already before the SMELL rising up from this dreadful dump literally KILLS me!" I laughed and giggled uproariously at Stickyfeet's

expense, hocking up a great big loogie and literally spitting on the godforsaken place as me and Flecko excitedly flew off into the real world, with me in particular eagerly hoping to (at the very LEAST) find better food there than what had previously been available in Stickyfeet (given that what WAS available in that accursed shit-heap of a town was literally just the moldy, rotten REFUSE of what proper food was considered to be in larger and more advanced forms of civilization, naturally).

"So, uhh...where exactly are we GOING, might I ask?" I glanced over at Flecko and asked him nervously, gulping and trembling with a mixture of harrowing fear and stupefied amazement as, for the very first time in my life, I got to marvel at how much of a truly exquisite man-made beauty the modern-day world really was (by looking straight down at the largely solid-concrete ground while flying what appeared to be easily at least several thousand feet above it, naturally) as I very courageously flew rapidly across O-Town proper, with "good old" Uncle Flecko proudly leading the way.

Although there WAS probably still all kinds of random junk littered all over the place (which I was thankfully far too high above the ground to really notice, unfortunately also triggering a rather crippling EXTREME fear of heights that I had never before known that I had), nature and technology co-existed in what seemed to be more-or-less perfect harmony with each other (even though, in reality, that technically couldn't really be a whole lot farther from the actual truth even if it tried).

The central area of the city boasted stunningly massive skyscrapers that, at least at my current size, appeared to quite literally stretch all the way up into the heavens (adorned with the phrase "Con-Glom-O: We Own You" just for good measure), surrounded on all sides by a wonderfully vast assortment of colorful, sturdy and professionally-built stores, buildings, billboards and houses (of which almost literally every single front AND back lawn was in absolutely pristine forest-green condition) connected by an almost-indescribably vast and intricate network of roads, sidewalks, traffic signals, highways, freeways, road signs and what-have-you, complete with what appeared to be a similarly vast network of flying camera drones monitoring the general activity of the vehicles and civilians within.

The air, although still rather noticeably polluted by a mixture of local factories and the admittedly terrifying automotive vehicles that roamed the streets below, still smelled like complete and utter HEAVEN compared to what I was used to, the water on display in the local swimming pools and fountains looked crystal-clear and pristine...and best of all, the food on display at the local restaurants and grocery stores was actual properly prepared FOOD! I literally could not have been happier even if I tried. Though an admittedly average (albeit still INCREDIBLY bizarrely populated, actually infinitely MORE so than Stickyfeet despite the living conditions being so, so, SO much better) town like this one may have been literally a sight for the birds to most people, I was FAR beyond fascinated when seeing it in all of its massive-scale metropolitan glory for what I was at least pretty sure was literally the very first time in my entire life (oh, and I also finally got to properly see the sun, sky and clouds, so there's that too).

"I SAID, WHERE ARE WE GOING?!" I very irritably yelled at Flecko, having already easily finished my incredibly long and pompous internal monologue about how truly wonderful of a thing the outside suburban world really was and STILL not having gotten any form of response whatsoever from him at all as he and I rapidly approached what I had read (on the Interweb) was Rocko's formerly former home neighborhood (at least before he and his two bestest friends, the incredibly fat/American male cow Heffer and the somehow even MORE incredibly nerdy/Jewish turtle Filburt, had gotten themselves blasted off into orbit for god-knows-how-long, then finally crash-landed themselves back on Earth in rather miraculously the EXACT same place from which they had initially taken off, rather amusingly skewering their own rocket ship right THROUGH

Rocko's house in the process, which the building still VERY clearly showed the damage from, despite Rocko's best attempts to cover it up), clearly being pretty freaking far from ANY sort of place in which you would ever expect to see a full-blown rock concert to say the LEAST.

"Why, the Wolfes' house, of course!" Flecko laughed rather mischievously with an increasingly sinister smirk on his face as he forcefully grabbed me by the hand, tugging me behind him and effectively leading me on a MASSIVE nosedive into the front lawn of Heffer's house, which was right next door TO Rocko's and was easily at LEAST every bit as ridiculously massive (justifiedly so in this case, judging by how big Heffer's immediate family supposedly was; if I hadn't told you, would you honestly believe that at the time, it had been literally only ONE member larger than my own, with that one extra member being Heffer himself, whom they had supposedly found completely by accident in a local forest after his admittedly rather tragic abandonment by his REAL parents and were actually going to EAT initially, but then suddenly decided to adopt as one of their own at the VERY last minute due to how cute he was, explaining why he's been frequently said to have such a monumentally massive appetite for food even by United States standards?).

"Well, okay then, but there's still just one little problem here, if I do say so myself: how exactly are we supposed to get INTO the Wolfes' house, might I ask?" I asked Flecko curiously, scratching my head in adorably primitive confusion while Flecko just annoyedly facepalmed, glared at me and pointed sarcastically to the great big shiny golden mail slot on Heffer's front door in response with his eyes exhaustedly half-shut in a classic "are you freaking serious" stare.

"Oh, of course, RIGHT!" I chuckled embarrassedly, blushing intensely and swinging my hand straight down like a cat paw as me and Flecko used our combined strength to lift open the mail slot's protective hatch with shocking ease and slip right in completely undetected THROUGH said mail slot; surely enough, we had arrived just as the Wolfes themselves (including Heffer, of course) had just finished their ridiculously oversized lunch feast (that looked more like a full-fledged Thanksgiving feast if anything) and were now busy huddling up on their couches together and watching football to their heart's content on the (again, TO ME) mouthwateringly envy-inducing 16:9 flat-screen TV in their living room while the absurdly doting housewife of the bunch (Virginia Wolfe) began managing all of her after-meal duties in the kitchen, such as storing leftovers in the fridge, washing recently used dining ware in the dishwasher and baking (yet ANOTHER) great big cherry pie in the oven, all with an ever-so-freakishly perpetual smile on her face as me and Flecko unbeknownstly joined the rest of her family in vegging out and watching TV, hovering right ABOVE the couches so that we wouldn't be seen.

Meanwhile, on the couches, Virginia's lazy but caring husband (George Wolfe), her ambiguously gay and DEFINITELY incredibly snarky high-school dropout son (Peter Wolfe), her typical extremely melodramatic teenage daughter (Maggie Pesky...er, I mean Cindy Wolfe), his grumpy and racist "hwolf" supremacist grandfather (known simply as Grandpa Wolfe), and her EXTREMELY simple-minded and gluttonous adoptive son (Heffer Wolfe, of course) were all warmly and cozily gathered up together...well, except for the fact that, also MUCH like my own family back in Stickyfeet, they could literally NEVER stop bickering with each other...at least definitely not from what I could gather during my thankfully short first visit to their house, that is.

"Oh, come on, T-Bone; my damned WIFE can kick balls harder than you can!" George yelled angrily at the football game, prompting an excruciatingly smug side glance and winking utterance of "I HEARD THAT" from Virginia over in the kitchen as she took all of the plates, glasses and utensils from the dining table straight into the dishwasher and neatly disposed of all of the used napkins.

"Wanna bet?" Peter bitterly mumbled under his breath as the very same kick that George had just belittled this so-called "T-Bone" about ironically ended up scoring a touchdown for his team while

Virginia was busy mopping and scrubbing the entire tiled floor of her kitchen squeaky-clean from front to back.

"I just hope that these Philadelphia Eagles can beat those damned TIGGERS on the Memphis team...personally, I would much prefer to see them get beaten UP in a game of hockey, but hopefully Donald Frump can provide for me on THAT front at least...those fucking stupid, carnivorous, muscle-headed, Pro-Democratic bastards..." Grandpa Wolfe growled STRIKINGLY mean-spiritedly from his trusty wheelchair right NEXT to the living room, even causing Heffer himself to angrily look over at him and yell "HEY! Not cool, dude! I like to eat meat TOO, you know!" to which Grandpa hatefully responded "STILL nowhere near as much as them god-damned TIGGERS do", despite ironically being an EXTREMELY carnivorous type of animal himself.

"UGH! I STILL haven't gotten any responses on my social media pages within the past THREE HOURS! WHY is my fucking life such an absolutely PATHETIC and MISERABLE living HELL?!" Cindy obnoxiously and brattily whined to her parents over literally NOTHING, amazingly making me absolutely DESPISE her even more so than the REST of the Wolfes (possibly not counting Heffer and Virginia, just for the record) as a result as I suddenly began to feel an extremely powerful urge to finally give these absolute walking-American-stereotype idiots what was coming to them once and for all...and I was also pretty freaking sure that I already knew EXACTLY how I was going to do so too, just for your information.

"Say...I've always kind of wanted to see one of those big spongy BRAINS that I've learned so much about in biology class in person! Why don't we try buzzing on over into one of those big, fluffy, funnel-shaped EARS of Virginia's while she ain't looking and sneak our way into HERS from there?" I very awkwardly blushed, stammered and giggled to Flecko, putting my hand over my mouth and hushing myself embarrassedly due to being cripplingly self-aware that this WAS, in fact, only possible in cartoons, as well as self-conscious of how INCREDIBLY weird and gross it was...OH, the magnificent joys of being a cartoon character, am I right?

"Hold on! First, we need to shrink ourselves just a TEENSY-WEENSY bit so that we can safely fit into her inner ear without being noticed..." Flecko explained, leading me upstairs for whatever reason while George and the rest of the non-Virginia portion of his family continued furiously bickering over their precious football game (despite the fact that their obviously favored team, the Eagles, was CLEARLY winning it).

"But...but there are no shrink rays anywhere in this entire house, right? How on EARTH are we supposed to shrink ourselves using a method that isn't ridiculously tired and cliché, HMM?!" I ranted angrily at Flecko as he led me into Grandpa Wolfe's long-disused (or at least misused, if you catch my drift) home office, which more-than-expectedly was basically just a great big mess of paper documents and desk knick-knacks that his giant flat-screen computer could barely even be seen through, and hurriedly guided me over to what appeared to be the most recent new addition to Gramps' tabloid collection...an addition of which the VERY first page was mainly just one big article about animal-kind's everlasting, probably hopeless dream of exploring the literally infinite reaches of space and possibly even discovering new life beyond the solar system, giving surprisingly great insight (at least for a bullshit tabloid article, anyway) into how much of a truly miniscule and pathetic speck of dust most other celestial bodies throughout the universe made our precious Earth seem like by comparison.

"Ya see? THIS is how, my friend!" Flecko chuckled merrily as he and I suddenly began to literally shrink to pretty much microscopic size from just how (increased) pitifully small the article made us feel. "NOW do you see what people mean when they say that YOU ARE WHAT YOU READ?" he continued, forcefully slapping me on the back as he and I took off into flight yet again, conveniently heading back into the kitchen at EXACTLY five minutes before the oven timer on

Virginia's cherry pie ended!

"But that doesn't even make any freaking SENSE!" I waved my arms up and down like a hummingbird and explained furiously to him as the two of us briefly hid in Virginia's wide-open pantry closet so that she wouldn't see us while she was busy pacing around in circles and humming/singing god-awful reggaeton music to herself while listening to it through her earbuds in eager anticipation of the pie finally being finished.

"Too bad, honey; LIFE doesn't make sense! Speaking of which, PUT THESE ON QUICK!" Flecko wrapped his "loving" arm around me and sarcastically explained to me, then suddenly began yelling in a fit of panic as he pulled not one but TWO great big pairs of earmuffs from his (snicker) magic trousers, putting one of them over his own head while I put the other over mine (VERY carefully making sure that they also bent down our hearing antennae in both cases), making us both officially ready to do the inevitable.

"HEY, VIRGINIA!" George Wolfe chugged down a great big mouthful of Bud Light and yelled angrily at Virginia Wolfe, whose music was playing so ridiculously loudly that it could easily be heard from outside of her earbuds even WITHOUT the assistance of our antennae.

"YES, dear?" Virginia asked George nervously, briefly removing her earbuds and giving Flecko and I more-than-ample time to fly straight into her right ear canal completely undetected while the opening leading into it was still unblocked.

"Would you PLEASE turn down that infernal RACKET?!" George growled angrily at Virginia, presumably shaking his fist at her in the process while Flecko and I rapidly nosedived straight down her vertical ear canal and into the horizontal one, with me already feeling EXTREMELY grossed out by how much crusty, hairy, gooey, slimy, 48-year-old earwax was contained in it; believe me, Virginia probably had many talents, but to say the LEAST, aural hygiene was easily right up there with vehicle-driving as DEFINITELY not being one of them.

"No can DO, honey!" Virginia selfishly teased her husband and continued pacing around the room and humming like an idiot, forcefully shoving her earbuds back into their corresponding ears while Flecko and I carefully and quietly tiptoed our way through her (admittedly) nauseatingly gross and hairy horizontal ear canal, taking great care to keep our OWN ears tightly covered and NOT step in that obscenely thick, nasty and sticky earwax of hers as Flecko suddenly scooped up a great big glob of it right off the left wall of her ear canal with his bare hands (for reasons that I very sincerely WISH were still unknown, believe me) and stuffed it, once again, into his magic trousers while my own VERY tightly covered ears (as well as Flecko's, I would imagine) desperately struggled not to rupture and bleed from how agonizingly, soul-shatteringly loud the direct echoing of Virginia's already-terrible music through her ear canal (which, of course, was also tailor-made to be a LOT more powerful hearing-wise than most other ear types) made it seem to us, with our bodies as a whole just-AS-desperately struggling not to be literally sent flying all over the place from the sheer force of the resulting sound waves as we EXTREMELY tightly clung for dear life onto her severely overgrown middle-aged ear hair with our hands.

Surely enough, Virginia turned her current song, which I was later informed was none other than "Treat You Better" by Shawn Mendes, all the way up to amplified volume at the EXACT moment at which the lead singer obnoxiously yelled "BETTER THAN HE CAN" at the top of his ever-loving lungs, officially breaking our grip on her slippery waxy ear hair once and for all and sending us careening DIRECTLY into (and therefore THROUGH) her already heavily-cracked, bleeding and evidently aching eardrum, leaving cute little fly-shaped perforation holes in it (in nearly perfect snow-angel poses, no less) in the process as Flecko and I relievedly landed right in front of the entrance hole to her inner ear, immediately seizing the opportunity to take off our

earmuffs and crawl right into it while Virginia VERY cathartically began whimpering loudly in pain, having FINALLY learned her lesson about turning her music volume up too high as Flecko and I speechlessly gawked in confusion at how insanely complicated the so-called "labyrinth" system (mazelike series of tubes, if you will) of the inner ear really was.

"Oh, dear God, how on EARTH are we supposed to find our way through THIS?!" I sat down on the floor, placed my upper arms over my eyes and began hopelessly crying and wailing while Flecko just audibly smirked at my expense, reaching into his pocket and pulling out his iPhone (something I pretty obviously didn't have on me at the moment, unfortunately) while Virginia FINALLY took out her earbuds and put them away for good (well, at least for the time being, anyway).

"Relax, my dear sweet Munchkin! We're not cavemen! We have TECHNOLOGY!" Flecko laughed smugly as he flipped through the app list on his phone (causing me to excitedly fly myself a few inches up to his eye level and fascinatedly stare at what he was doing as if I had literally never seen it before, naturally) and turned on his GPS app...which, for completely unexplained reasons, somehow had pitch-perfect directions on EXACTLY how we were supposed to navigate (as in fly) our way through Virginia's rather impressively convoluted semicircular canals and cochlea...albeit unfortunately with a few rather irritating delays due to it giving out the directions WAY too late, needless to say.

"I'm a little teapot, short and stout! Here is my handle, here is my spout!" Virginia sang dizzily, presumably with little baby chicks spinning around her head, as she clumsily stumbled around the kitchen, much to our highly amused delight as we realized that we had just thrown her COMPLETELY off balance.

"Wow, what on Earth happened to HER?" George laughed spitefully at poor Virginia's expense.

(Don't quote me on this, but according to Peter, his reaction was simply to smugly point at his Ear Deth T-shirt with both index fingers while Grandpa grumpily rambled to himself about "how much better" music was back in the old days. Heffer, on the other hand, was already far too hypnotically engrossed into the ongoing football game to even care, while Cindy was FAR too busy whining about putting on her makeup wrong.)

"Finally, at long last, we've reached her cochlear nerve! Virginia's now-completely-defenseless central nervous system, HERE WE COME!" I began laughing evilly as Flecko and I immediately jumped right into said neural transmitter tube and were sucked straight through it into Virginia's blissfully unaware brain...well, the base of the STEM of it, at least, which, on its own, appeared to be easily at least 50-100 feet tall from our perspective (needless to say, I was COMPLETELY unaccustomed at the time to the whole idea of a living organism having a brain this large, ESPECIALLY after some of the absolute idiots that I had to deal with on a fairly regular basis at my old middle school in Stickyfeet, so I naturally VERY quickly started having more than a bit of an utterly ridiculous nerdgasm over the mere sight of Virginia's inner brain workings as a result).

"Sweet ever-loving JESUS, and I thought ALDRIN'S shaft was big!" I blushingly put my hand over my mouth and rather childishly giggled, giving Flecko a rather painstakingly obvious clue as to what my actual physical age was (just in case he had somehow forgotten) as he led me into Virginia's built-in "brain elevator" capsule with a shockingly polite "after you" beckoning, then stepped in immediately after me and eagerly joined me in the act of continuing to speechlessly gawk in amazement (albeit admittedly to a FAR lesser extent than mine in his case; just for the record, I'll have you know that I was literally DROOLING like a rabid dog) as he and I were promptly transported straight up Virginia's medulla oblongata into her pons and then FINALLY the rather amusingly hollow main part of her brain (through a very conveniently placed and

cleverly disguised secret hatch, of course), at which point we excitedly and triumphantly stepped out of the capsule...only for it to then mysteriously travel back down into its original position and never move from said position again (at least, not without outside influence, that is), leaving the hatch tightly closed and locked in its wake.

"So tell me, my precious little niece, what do you THINK?" Flecko asked me, immediately and very welcomingly beckoning me in the general direction of the massive central nervous supercomputer that just so happened to be conveniently lodged into Virginia's frontal lobe in yet another distinctly "ladies first" gesture while I just went completely batshit crazy from sheer excitement/energy overload.

"Oh my God, oh my God, OH MY GOD, I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE AMAZED IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!" I adorably put all four of my fists tightly over my cheeks and fangirlishly squealed at the tops of my ever-loving lungs, with me and Flecko ironically growing ever-so-slightly larger (unfortunately just enough so as to render us completely trapped in Virginia's head until further notice due to her brain identifying us as daily shift workers...unless you count the nose as an exit, which personally, I wouldn't) as we suddenly realized just how much literal CONTROL we now had over Virginia herself. Best of all, as I already mentioned before, she actually WAS, in fact, COMPLETELY unaware that we were in her(e).

"Sweet jumping jellybeans, it really is, it REALLY is! AT LONG LAST, WE'VE FINALLY REACHED VIRGINIA WOLFE'S BEHAVIORAL CONTROL CENTER!" I yelled ecstatically in a fit of pure, unadulterated joy as I began hyperactively flying all around the ever-so-adorably spongy, wrinkly and fleshy inside of her cerebral cortex and fascinatedly marveling at all of the beautiful sights that it had to offer.

"Holy moley, would you just LOOK at all of these intricately connected neuron wires?" I flew up into the "parietal lobe" section of her neural network and gasped incredulously, touching one of the many, MANY nerve cell cluster nodes connecting said wires just to see what would happen and getting myself electrocuted in classic Looney Tunes style as a result. "Quite the SYNAPSES she's got too!" I blushed and laughed embarrassedly, frantically shaking the ashes off of myself.

"Oh, and HOO boy, did I ever happen to mention how lovely THIS feels?" I accidentally moaned with arousal, unknowingly turning Flecko on even further as I flew back down into Virginia's temporal lobe, got down on all sixes in "crab walk" position (exactly as I had learned it in gym class, no less), and briefly (yet seductively) yanked my boots and stockings right off so that I could ever-so-lovingly squish my cute little rosy-red-painted bare toes into her ever-so-delightfully-relaxingly moist, cushiony and pulsating brain tissue, making sure to squeeze them nicely in-between the various flesh folds that said weirdly bright-pink matter boasted just for added pleasure while Flecko just let loose a loud and irritated "AHM", crossed his arms over his chest and tapped his foot impatiently, obviously wanting me to just cut the crap and take control of Virginia's body already.

"Oh dearie me, there's only one-and-a-half MINUTES left until the pie is done!" Virginia turned toward the oven and gasped, with her brain computer's digital view of her eye sockets clearly showing her worriedly placing her hands over her mouth and shaking her head back and forth (with her brain's electrical signals also beginning to rapidly accelerate due to the resulting adrenaline) while Flecko annoyedly crossed his arms over his chest and sighed in a very distinctly "I told you so" type of manner.

"YEAH?! Well, I've only got a few more YEARS left before I'M done with LIVING! So THERE!" Grandpa Wolfe hatefully sneered at Virginia.

"Thank GOD!" Peter, George and Cindy hatefully sneered back at him while Heffer just cried like...well, an idiot.

"Any more talk like THAT about me and my proud 'HWOLF' Christian heritage, and I sincerely promise I'll have you god-damned lily-livered blue whipper-snappers burned on the CROSS! Except for Heffer, though, he's just a plain old fat yellow bastard..." Grandpa Wolfe VERY hatefully lectured them, presumably shaking his cane at them just for added emphasis.

"Gramps, for crying out loud, WHAT did I tell you about racism?!" Heffer frustratedly yelled at him.

"Uhh...that them damned tiggers SERIOUSLY need to get off my fucking LAWN?" Gramps replied.

"Hey, am I going to have to come out there and SPANK you boys or WHAT?!" Virginia frustratedly broke her "Little Mrs. Nice Girl" act, turned toward the rest of her family and roared at them, brandishing a frying pan just for added emphasis while the internal temperature of her brain suddenly began to noticeably increase as a result.

"OHHH, YESSS..." Peter gaily moaned, drooled and fantasized, prompting George to dutifully slap him across the face while everyone else in the living room simply laughed their ever-loving asses off at his expense.

"Peter, for God's sake, I'll have you know that I've got a cane and I'm NOT afraid to fucking use it!" Grandpa growled lividly at poor Peter and threatened to smash him right across the face WITH said cane, causing him to VERY pathetically and effeminately cower and whimper in fear while Virginia set her frying pan down on the countertop, irritatedly placed her hands on her hips and continued glaring disappointedly at the absolute circus of pure, unadulterated dysfunctional chaos that was currently taking place in her living room (AND amongst her very own beloved family, no less); little did she know how much WORSE things were about to get for her, MIND you...

"Okay, FINE, you asked for it, I suppose...come on, let's DO this already!" I reluctantly and VERY anxiously agreed with Flecko's advice as he and I quickly flew our way forward into Virginia's frontal lobe (with me leading the way, of course) and activated the manual override function on her central nervous computer by simultaneously pressing the two giant red buttons on the left and right sides of it.

"Oh, MAN...this is going to be SO much fun..." I maliciously cackled, took my lead pilot seat and mumbled to myself, rubbing my hands together like an actual fly and evilly grinning from ear to ear just for added emphasis as I reluctantly allowed Flecko to plug his iPhone into Virginia's USB port and download her entire porn stash of sexual activity between her and her husband right off of her blissfully unaware memory banks and onto his personal iCloud network (yes, her brain most certainly DID, in fact, have its own dedicated and completely password-unprotected Wi-Fi hotspot; PLEASE don't question it), then opened up her Manual Control Program and eagerly readied myself to claim my VERY first mind-manipulation host!

"Oh, cool, it's just like all of those awesome VIDEO GAMES I keep hearing about!" I wiggled rambunctiously in my seat, put my fists tightly over my cheeks yet again and squealed with pure childlike joy as her brain computer's keyboard panels suddenly flipped right over to reveal an astonishingly vast and impossibly user-friendly assortment of buttons, knobs, levers and joysticks while Flecko hornily shoved his iPhone back into his pocket and took the assistant pilot seat right next to me.

"Oh, boy...tell me, Flecko, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING THAT VIRGINIA'S

ABOUT TO BE THINKING BECAUSE OF WHAT WE'RE THINKING?!" I hilariously redundantly and overcomplicatedly asked Flecko in an exceedingly sassy and teasing manner, to which he smugly nodded his head "yes" with easily every bit as despicably cocky and mischievous of a smile as the one that I myself had on my OWN face in response as we immediately got right down to business without another word.

"OOO, the pie's finished! FINALLY!" I girlishly crooned into Virginia's voice-control microphone, doing the best impression of her that I could (which luckily didn't matter, as my own voice was automatically translated into hers by the microphone anyway) as the oven finally dinged, prompting me and Flecko to take control over her arms and legs and make her take things into a rather...INTERESTING detour, to say the least.

"OOO, can I have some, please, please, PLEASE?!" Heffer brattishly wailed and whined, bouncing up and down on the sofa like an overexcited little kid (in the morbidly obese body of a 20-something man) while everyone else in the living room just annoyedly facepalmed and shook their heads in disbelief at how obscenely spoiled Heffer really, REALLY was by his oh-so-dearly loving and (over)protective mother; meanwhile, me and Flecko had already just made Virginia take her signature cherry pie out from the oven and were now making her sprinkle it with sleeping powder from the under-sink cabinet while scornfully telling Heffer to "PLEASE give it a few minutes to cool off first, dear" in the process.

"Alright, don't be intimidated, Maggie, just try to imagine her in her UNDERWEAR..." I immensely worriedly thought to myself as I bit my lip, blushed from ear to ear and began sweating feverishly with embarrassment, with Flecko obviously very much following suit as he and I made Virginia strip herself right down to her bare bra and panties (and also glasses, of course, for obvious fetish reasons).

"OH NO, SHE'S HOT!" Flecko and I both luminescently blushed, nosebled and shrieked in unison, switching Virginia's eye-socket screen into third-person view and beginning to sweat buckets for an entirely different reason at the sight of Virginia's delightfully plump, curvy and long-footed (almost) naked 48-year-old body as we made her take the whole damned (approximately) 400-degree pie and smash it right into her big, goofy face...which, understandably, was definitely more than a little painful and humiliating for her, causing it to turn me and Flecko on all the more evidently as a result as I flipped the poor old lady's "facial tic" switch right back on and watched with only the most lovably spiteful and revenge-seeking of eyes as the resulting hilarity ensued between her and her fellow family members.

"GYAAAHHH! MY FAAACE! MY GORGEOUS, LOVELY, BESPECTACLED (twitches face, closes left eye and grinds teeth like a maniac) FAAACE! OH GOD, IT BURNS! IT BURNS! IT BURRRNS!" Virginia suddenly completely broke character, clutched her face and began shrieking and crying at the top of her ever-loving lungs in truly agonizing pain, her face amusingly looking like it was covered with blood and third-degree burns due to the pie being cherry-flavored as me and Flecko made her take the REST of the pie and smear it all OVER the rest of her body, causing her to squeal and scream in dreadful agony all the more while her fellow non-wheelchair-bound family members horrifiedly ran over into the kitchen to assist her (and also while me and Flecko began furiously masturbating).

"HELP ME, PLEASE! LICK ME CLEAN! LICK ME CLEAN FROM HEAD TO TOE, I'M (twitch) BEGGING YOU!" I very obviously fakely screamed and cried into Virginia's voice-control microphone, causing her to bawl and whimper like a baby while the rest of her family (well, besides Grandpa, at least) licked their lips, tackled Virginia right onto the kitchen floor and dug right into their tantalizingly scrumptious dessert.

"AHH...GOOD HEAVENS, MY MOTHER IS SO SWEET..." Peter excitedly moaned and drooled as he licked Virginia's disbelieving, probably already deeply traumatized face to kingdom come, acquiring a shockingly large protrusion in the crotch area of his pants and evidently struggling to resist stroking his firmly erect cock while me and Flecko awkwardly looked at each other with a rather profound expression of "what the fuck".

"NOW, I can see that all of my nonstop lesbian roleplaying on Tumblr and Twitter really HAS, like, TOTALLY paid off and stuff AFTER all!" Cindy laughed uproariously as she lifted up Virginia's bra and began breastfeeding from her for the first time in presumably YEARS (since she was a baby, no less)...except that this time, the resulting substance was cherry pie MIXED with milk and ugly lipstick runoff.

"OM NOM NOM NOM NOM!" Heffer giggled merrily as he nibbled the pie residue off of Virginia's back and legs as if it was the corn and meat off of corn cobs and drumsticks, letting loose an extremely loud burp that also made him laugh his ever-loving ridiculously fat and stupid ass off in the process.

"Man, talk about a CREAMPIE!" George laughed heartily at Virginia's ungodly humiliated and degraded expense, tilting the bottom slit of her panties out of the way with his fingers and licking a good portion of pie residue out from her vagina (causing her to teasingly giggle and moan "OH, YOU CHEEKY *twitch* MAN, YOU" in response) before then vigorously shoving his rock-hard penis right into that very same vagina (just as Peter and Heffer had also just finished jerking off and blowing their OWN gooey and dripping loads all over her, no less) and filling it to the absolute brim with his hot, sticky semen.

"OPEN WIDE, VIRGINIA! YEE-HAW!" George cackled maliciously as he forced Virginia down onto her knees and shoved his cherry-pie-and-cum-covered cock right into her mouth, leaving her with no other choice but to suck it clean until the resulting mouth stimulation to it caused it to bust out yet another warm, dripping load RIGHT down her throat, leading her to "proudly" lick her lips, rub her belly and go "MMM" in response...but alas, needless to say, the sleeping powder took its toll immediately thereafter, causing all five of them to collapse completely unconscious onto the floor!

"Well, THAT was certainly something..." me and Flecko muttered to each other, with our jaws both having completely dropped to the floor in dumbfounded, wide-eyed, staring-off-into-space disbelief at how frightfully large of ejaculation stains the two of us had just made in our pants from what(ever in the actual flying fuck) had just happened.

"Hmph! Those fucking disgusting pagan/Jewish PIGS! Why, NORMAL people would never even THINK of doing such an utterly despicable thing!" Grandpa Wolfe growled disgustedly, pulling out a remote control (no, not the television one) from his pocket and activating what appeared to be security cameras hidden in yet MORE secret hatches in the house's ceiling, most notably the one for the living room (which was luckily facing directly toward the living-room television; more on that later).

"HEH! What good is THAT gonna do him? I mean, it's not like those cameras have some sort of ENCEPHALOSCOPY feature on them or some shit, right?" Flecko laughed arrogantly while I just slyly smirked at him and found a "Brain-Cam to TV Link" switch located right next to the "Facial Tic" one...a switch that he was luckily still completely unaware of due to how absolutely GINORMOUS Virginia's manual control dashboard really was. Not wanting to make things too easy and obvious, I decided to wait until later to press it, so that he wouldn't notice.

"Well, anyway, what exactly SHOULD we do next? Got any IDEAS, perhaps?" I asked Flecko

curiously (and also rather distrustfully to say the least, now that I was actually THINKING about it), crossing my arms over my chest and patiently tapping my foot in painstakingly eager anticipation of his response.

"Ooh, I know! How about we (psst, psst, psst)..." Flecko leaned over to me and whispered into my antennae, causing me to turn completely pale in the face and stop dead in my tracks.

"But...but...that's absolutely DISGUSTING!" I shook my fists at him and very angrily objected to his downright morally repugnant offer: binding and gagging the Wolfes so that we could completely, systematically lobotomize each and every one of them from the inside with our bare hands (and knives) without them being able to do ANYTHING about it...or, if I was willing to do so, getting myself fucking RAPED senseless by a clearly foul and unwashed old man roughly THREE times my age (THIRTY-SIX, to be exact, meaning that I was straight-up TWELVE for fuck's sake). Needless to say, the latter, although still something that I wouldn't normally even THINK of touching with a 39-and-a-half-foot pole, was easily, by FAR, the better option of the two without a doubt (either way, however, you'd BETTER fucking believe that I was GOING to turn on those god-damned central nervous system security cameras if it was the LAST thing I did).

"TOO BAD! RIDICULOUSLY EXTREME MOOD WHIPLASH TIME!" Flecko began laughing maniacally as he eagerly readied himself to make Virginia tie everyone up and begin the lobotomy...until finally, at long last, AUDIBLY swallowing my pride, I myself leaned over to Flecko and whispered intently into HIS antennae, making a rather...ahem...INTERESTING compromise with him so that no one would get hurt (lethally, at least).

"Ah...I SEE! First, we tie up the Wolfes, super-glue them onto their living room couches and duct-tape their mouths shut...THEN I get to brutally TORTURE and RAPE you inside each of their brains, effectively forcing you to lay flesh-eating MAGGOTS in every single one of said brains! YES! What an absolutely INGENIOUS plan!" Flecko threw his hands up into the air and laughed like a bonafide supervillain...a bonafide supervillain who had rather hilariously overlooked several exceedingly obvious weaknesses of his own plan as ALWAYS, to be exact (again, however, I decided to play along with him so that he wouldn't notice).

"OH, how I yearn for death's STICKY SWEET embrace..." I dejectedly sighed as me and Flecko woke Virginia back up and made her run upstairs into her household closet so that she could grab her trusty ropes, tape and glue from it.

"Hey, what in the hell are you doing- MMPH!" Grandpa yelled confusedly at Virginia as she came thundering back downstairs with all of the aforementioned incredibly suspicious materials in hand, immediately proceeding to tie him up, duct-tape his mouth shut and super-glue him into his wheelchair (as if he wasn't ALREADY basically super-glued to his wheelchair to begin with, mind you).

"Virginia? Oh, Virginia, I'm deeply sorry if I- URK!" George rubbed his aching head and sighed, before suddenly making an extremely sharp expression of surprise that also woke all of the other REMAINING Wolfes back up as Virginia did much of the same to him, except that she superglued HIM onto the couch.

"Hey, I thought I told you adult content was getting banned for good from TNNNG!" Cindy yelled irritably at Virginia as she also did much of the same to HER, beginning to REALLY highlight just how truly despicable Flecko actually was all the more (considering how much of an absolute SAINT even CINDY, of all people, actually was when compared to him, at least).

"Oh wow, it's my lucky DRRRG!" Peter sarcastically shrugged, then suddenly yelped in shock as Virginia ALSO did much of the same to him as well, leaving only two more members of the Wolfe

family remaining; why, herself and her own dearly beloved and treasured adoptive SON, of course!

"Hey, Mom, why did you dunk your entire face in the PGGGH!" Heffer asked Virginia curiously, then suddenly squealed like a little girl as Virginia ALSO did much of the same to HIM as well, beginning to visibly cry and sniffle in response to her own deplorable actions despite clearly being mind-controlled by me and Flecko.

"Well, after all, you know what they say; it ain't over until the fat lady sings!" Virginia laughed dementedly as she thickly coated her remaining portion of the living room's center couch with superglue, duct-taped her mouth firmly shut, tied herself up into a nice big rope cocoon, then finally plopped herself down right in the middle OF said living room center couch, where she would unfortunately find herself stuck witnessing quite possibly THE absolute most horrific event of her entire life.

"Now, now...come on, Flecko, don't do this...nice Flecko...s-s-SWEET F-F-Fleck-k-k-ko..." I helplessly stammered, doing the jazz hands with all four of my arms and slowly but surely backing away from Flecko (who THANKFULLY only had two) as he suddenly stepped out of his seat and began to EXTREMELY unnervingly approach me with an UNSPEAKABLY wild and disturbing look in his eyes.

"C'MERE, BITCH!" Flecko suddenly screamed at me and took off flying after me, prompting me to also immediately take off flying all over the inside of Virginia's brain to see if I could outrun him for long enough to perhaps tucker him out...but alas, his child-lust was just FAR too great for such a thing to even be possible.

"Whoops! Sorry! Pardon me! Coming through!" I gasped in surprise as I reflexively dodged a frighteningly large multitude of suicidal thoughts that just so happened to be coursing through Virginia's neural wires while Flecko admittedly rather impressively followed suit.

He chased me through Virginia's parietal lobe, occipital lobe, temporal lobe and everything in-between for what must have been at least an entire minute until I finally gave up and returned to her frontal lobe, where I was promptly "backed into a tech corner" by Flecko, as well as shamefully facepalmed (by myself, obviously) just for ever trusting him in the first place.

"This is blasphemy! THIS IS MADNESS!" I placed the palms of my outstretched hands firmly against the monitor of Virginia's central nervous computer ("accidentally" flipping her "Brain-Cam to TV Link" switch in the process, thank GOD) and furiously yelled at the tops of my thoroughly exhausted lungs in an extreme fit of panic and desperation, my voice ludicrously cracking several times from lack of breath and causing Flecko to laugh even harder at me in the process.

"Madness?" Flecko smugly muttered under his breath, cracking yet another insufferably cocky smile as he teasingly took several more steps toward me, audibly unzipping and unbuttoning his pants as he did so while the Wolfes regretfully watched the whole dreadfully humiliating debacle happen to me on live high-definition television, their faces rather understandably frozen in horrified shock all the while (most ESPECIALLY Virginia's judging from what her family told me, which probably shouldn't come as too big of a surprise to anyone at all, given that this whole event was literally taking place in her completely defenseless fucking BRAIN for fuck's sake) as they helplessly squirmed and wriggled in their seats, desperately WANTING to cry out for help but having been rendered completely unable to do so...just as I myself was now COMPLETELY unable to escape from Flecko's wrath, mind you.

"YES, GOD DAMN IT, YES!" I lividly stamped my feet and yelled at him, pulling out my wallet from my pocket, flipping it open and infuriatedly displaying the identification card within it to him.

"CAN'T you SEE that I'm only twelve fucking years OLD?!" I disgustedly pointed out to him (literally, with one of my index fingers), shoving my wallet back into my pocket and lifting up my shirt to reveal what I thought was going to be a more-or-less completely flat chest...but unfortunately, no; it turned out that I was actually nothing short of SHOCKINGLY well-endowed for my age, much to my audible nervous gulping as I VERY hastily and blushinglly slid my shirt back down over my chest. Surely enough, Flecko was already rabidly drooling at the mouth and making spine-tinglingly creepy tit-squeezing motions with his hands.

"Well then, why are you so freaking smart and SEXY, huh?!" Flecko threw his arms out beside him and sighed, obviously trying to flirt with me even though he already knew VERY well that it was entirely a lost cause at this point.

"God damn it, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM MEEE-HEEE-HEEE?!" I began pathetically quivering, wailing and crying in complete and utter defeat, placing my upper fists tightly over my chin just for extra melodramatic effect in an unfortunately miserably failed attempt to garner any form of sympathy from Flecko.

"Oh, that's SIMPLE, my dear friend..." Flecko suddenly dropped his "nice guy" act entirely and began monologuing in an EXTREMELY unsettling and downright bone-chilling monotone as he PAINFULLY slowly threw off his tank top (already causing me to feel sick to my stomach from how hideously out-of-shape, crusty and hairy his torso was) and also removed his pants (which, of course, he was wearing commando-style, as in without any undergarments beneath them), causing me to theatrically shield my eyes with all four hands and retch in horrific revulsion upon seeing his abhorrent, smegma-encrusted, blue-balled penis (which was already FIRMLY erect, just to make matters even worse) in conjunction with his mangy, dirt-encrusted hyena legs and most especially his fungus-covered feet that had infectious slimy gunk gathered in HIGHLY visible amounts in literally EVERY SINGLE ONE of the toe gaps, as well as yellowish-greenish-BROWN toenails that were all GROTESQUELY overgrown and disfigured, MONSTROUSLY driving home the point of just how much of an absolutely disgusting hobo this guy most certainly was indeed.

(Needless to say, the Wolfes were already FAR beyond speechless.)

"Let's play the...NO CLOTHES Game...for every time that you've been ridiculously hammy and/or said God's name in vain in this story so far, take off an article of clothing..." Flecko hissed at me like a snake as I regretfully took off my shirt and pants, accompanied even MORE regretfully by my shoes and socks, once again revealing my weirdly human-type bare feet (a bodily feature that me and Flecko rather unfortunately shared with each other, might I add) while Flecko just continued whispering to himself and drooling.

"More...MORE!" Flecko suddenly roared at me, creeping his way even closer to me as I humiliatedly removed my bra and panties, rendering myself completely buck-naked except for the gloves as he briefly picked up his pants off of the floor (of Virginia's brain, naturally), took out the great big lint-covered slimy glob of earwax that he had been keeping in his pocket all this time and began slathering his already revolting (albeit disturbingly large; it already looked to be easily at least an entire FOOT long as far as the imperial system for my current size was concerned, in fact) excuse for a penis with (the whole damned batch of) it, causing said penis to become even longer, stiffer and harder as he eagerly beckoned me to come on over and eat every last drop of unspeakable biological refuse right off of it, also making a rather distinct "give me a handjob" gesture with his right fist in the process.

"Ya know how you used to play WHACK-a-Mole at the Fly-By-Night Carnival? DO IT AGAIN...JUST...JUST DO IT ON MY DING-DONG THIS TIME..." Flecko began whispering so ungodly creepily to me that it even caused Virginia to helplessly shriek in fear like never before as

I slowly but surely drew ever closer to him.

"Uh, uh, uhh! More! MORE!" he teasingly wagged his finger and crooned at me right as I had already gone to all of the trouble of getting all the way down on both knees for him and was literally JUST about to begin.

"Oh, COME ON, can't I at least wear some fucking GLOVES for this?!" I desperately wailed, cried and begged Flecko, throwing my arms out hopelessly beside me (and also reflexively cringing backward when he suddenly thrust his pelvis forward and brought his unspeakably repulsive living biohazard of a penis even CLOSER to my face), but unfortunately to no avail; all he did in response was soundlessly mouth the words "take 'em off" to me. Glaring at him with a hatred more burning than I EVER could have previously imagined myself having for someone, I furiously slipped all four of my protective gloves off one by one, VERY loudly swallowed my pride, and beyond-disgustedly readied myself to do what I seemingly had literally no feasible choice BUT to do...I sucked the Wax Beast, which, to say the LEAST, was a feast I could not STAND in the least!

"URK...GUH...OOG...BLEAUGH...YUKK..." I began incomprehensibly gagging and dry-heaving in almost-immeasurable disgust and terror, actually FEELING my face turn sickly green as I kneeled up on my left foot, placed my upper hands around roughly the middle of Flecko's slime-oozing penis, cradled his moldy, sagging, fuzzy balls with my lower hands and began weakly licking the tip of his horribly wrinkly and oversized foreskin with my tongue...all while also being forced to rub up and down his unbelievably filthy shaft with my BARE HANDS, feeling every single nauseating detail of its mucky, goopy texture while also getting quite a good portion of its unspeakable filth trapped underneath my lovely red fingernails just to make matters even WORSE. And oh, dear God, the smell...the built-up, waxy STENCH...

Needless to say, I was DEFINITELY, at the very least, READY to vomit.

"AHH...YES...now go ahead and suck it for REAL, why don't you?!" Flecko angrily demanded of me, suddenly shoving his entire cock right down my throat and therefore causing all six of my pathetic, scrawny little limbs to splay out helplessly beside me like those of a dead dog that had just gotten run over by an automobile; I swear to Christ and all that is holy, my desire to kill myself exponentially increased every single time that I felt that damned scum-sausage hitting against my uvula.

"HURG...YICK...ACK...ULP...BLECCCHHH!" I loudly, reflexively gagged exactly four times, then blood-curdlingly vomited all over his penis, prompting him to grab me by the hair, smash my entire face against said penis and force me to eat my own VOMIT off of it in ADDITION to the wax and smegma (in case you were wondering, I thought I was LITERALLY sick by the time that I was done with that).

"Hope you enjoy THIS, you fucking chintzy SLUT!" Flecko hatefully growled at me as he grabbed me by the arms, breastfed from me with his LETHALLY bacteria-reeking mouth and then bit my nipples right off with his ABSURDLY plaque-encrusted teeth, causing me to blood-curdlingly SHRIEK, wail and cry in agony as he then proceeded to brutally trample my already wounded, bleeding and VERY inconveniently plump tits with his rancid, fungus-secreting zombie feet, then force me to lick THEM as well.

"You like eating GARBAGE, huh?! Well, what's the MATTER, then, you cheeky BRAT?! Why don't you enjoy eating THIS, huh?!" Flecko screamed sadistically at me as I sucked out the appalling purple gunk from in-between his toes, ate the excess portions of his moldy brown toenails, scraped off his numerous athlete's foot mushrooms with my teeth, licked the literal

YEARS of built-up filth off of his scaly, grimy soles and even sucked his toes themselves until they fervently DRIPPED with my saliva.

"That's exactly what you are, you know that? WORTHLESS FUCKING SCUM!" Flecko hatefully screamed at me, stomping my face in repeatedly with his now-only-basically-cleaner feet and also leaving several bloody slash marks across it with his toenails while I just whimpered and cried in unbearable pain of both the physical AND emotional varieties.

"Let's see just how widely we can OPEN YOU UP, shall we?!" Flecko chortled insanely as he angrily forced me onto my hands and knees and then violently, repeatedly rammed his fist into my asshole, causing me to squeal and moan in pain as he then reached in, grabbed my own upcoming shit from how deathly scared I was, pulled it right out from my horribly mangled, aching and bleeding rectum, then smeared it all over my entire body just to humiliate and disgust me even further.

"Now go ahead and try it on ME, why don't you?!" Flecko arrogantly laughed, strapping a great big dildo onto my pelvis and then ramming it straight into his pimply, hairy ass by slamming me against him like an action figure until finally, FINALLY, his rancid, greenish-yellow anal pus came oozing out at the point of orgasm.

"There...there truly ARE no words..." I hopelessly thought to myself, my nose literally spraying a copious amount of blood all over his ass from how absolutely repugnant it smelled as I self-revulsedly dug in and performed butt cunnilingus on Flecko with my tongue, "SAVORING" every last tongue-crinkling drop.

"And NOW for the GRAND FINALE!" Flecko chortled uproariously, once again backing me RIGHT up against the wall (this time, the left hemisphere side wall) of Virginia's brain as his fortunately now-slightly-cleaner penis eagerly dripped and oozed with thickly clustered and chewy precum.

(Needless to say, the Wolfes had absolutely no words to describe this either. They, too, wanted to die.)

"OH, NO! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! BACK OFF! BACK OFF, MAN!" I helplessly shrieked, cried and began desperately writhing on the ground like the miserable, tortured animal that I was, savagely clawing at the wall of Virginia's brain with my fingernails until I actually ended up drawing blood (reportedly causing her to repeatedly twitch and wince in pain) while Flecko just laughed...and laughed...and laughed some more.

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetie? Has DADDY been treating you too ROUGH?" Flecko squatted down in front of me and snickered maliciously.

"Here....here's some good old rockstar CANDY to set things right between us..." he UNBEARABLY creepily offered, pulling what was CLEARLY a nice big super-tab of LSD out of his pocket, pinning all six of my spindly little spaghetti limbs flat onto the ground and violently forcing my mouth open in an attempt to force the infernal, WRETCHED thing onto my tongue.

"Come on, say AHH!" Flecko urgently yet condescendingly begged me as I reflexively curled my tongue backward and moved my head around in a pathetically futile attempt to stop him, finally culminating in me literally biting the hand of his that was trying so very, VERY hard to feed me and therefore getting furiously and bloodily slugged across the face with the balled-up fist of his other hand with a generous side helping of "FUCK YOU, BITCH", at which point he then proceeded to savagely bite roughly half of my right antenna clean off and then angrily shove the tab into my mouth while I was still sloppily sprawled out unconscious and twitching on the ground

like a dead cockroach that had just gotten smooshed.

A few minutes later, needless to say, I woke up with hypnotic rainbow-colored swirly eyes and had a WILDLY warped perspective on what was actually happening around me, to the point where I actually seriously thought that I was making out with Troy, my drop-dead-handsome math tutor and dream boyfriend from back in Stickyfeet, in a great big glass bio-dome filled with beautiful trees and plants!

"Hey there, honey..." Troy lovingly teased me with an ever-so-adorably-cheesy pearly-white grin straight out of a toothpaste commercial, laying handsomely on his back in the wholesome green grass with me and posing his completely naked body at me like a classical Greek sculpture (complete with him gorgeously crossing his right leg over his left one and placing both of his big, muscular left arms over his chest while teasingly folding his right ones behind the side of his head, no less) while I did much of the same (albeit in the exact opposite directions, obviously) right next to him with my own ALSO completely naked body.

"OH, DARLING...HOW I LOVE YOU SO..." I moaned and drooled ecstatically as he and I leaned together, wrapped all four of each other's arms around each other and began French-kissing in classic Lady And The Tramp style, twisting and stroking our warmly saliva-dripping tongues together until we could literally FEEL the radiant, steaming romantic heat emanating from them as we diligently felt each other's wonderfully oily, glimmering, silky-smooth bodies from head to toe like there was no tomorrow, ESPECIALLY including the asses, which we spanked and squeezed firmly yet softly like true gentlemen.

"You too, sweetums...would you care to do the HONORS, pardon my asking?" Troy asked me curiously, folding both of his upper arms wholesomely behind his head and extending out his beautiful 15-inch erection directly towards me, ripe for the stimulating.

"OHH...you'd better BELIEVE I was BORN ready, my love..." I crooned adoringly as I wrapped all four of my hands around the middle part of Troy's shaft, both of my feet around the base of it, and then finally my mouth around the tip of it, and began sucking, rubbing, licking and stroking it to my heart's content as if it were my very own personal baby bottle, with my precious little wings (as well as his) fluttering ever-so-rapidly with delight all the while.

"OHH, you're so beautiful...AHH, this isn't happening...OHH, GOD, I SO WISH IT WAS!" Troy began loudly moaning and gasping as I quickly threw myself into his wonderful, loving arms right as he was about to orgasm, then ecstatically shrieked at the top of his lungs in excitement as, hugging me tightly from the back with all four of his arms, he rammed his penis STRAIGHT up into my eagerly awaiting vagina, in which it erupted like a majestic volcano, effectively guaranteeing that he and I would be having only THE most positively lovely of children soon afterward...wait a minute, is that...

"OH MY GOD, YOU FUCKING DEGENERATE, DEPLORABLE, POSITIVELY SICK BASTARD!" I positively INFURIATEDLY screamed at Flecko in a fit of pure unbridled rage, revoltedly shaking myself free of his grip and once again helplessly, backwardly crab-walking away from him on all sixes, this time finding myself smack-dab in the MIDDLE of Virginia's brain as I suddenly began to feel an excruciatingly sharp tingling sensation in my now rather peculiarly inflated belly, as if Flecko had somehow just gotten me...PREGNANT?!

"Flecko, what...w-what have you just done to me?!" I fearfully looked down at myself, clutched my belly and gasped in shock, sniffing and crying in pure unadulterated fear as Flecko VERY slowly and ominously approached me with his pocket knife clenched threateningly tightly in his left hand.

"So tell me, Maggie; are you going to COMPLY with me, or is your dear old uncle going to have to

cut that fat-ass new BELLY of yours right open with Mr. Sharpie and see what's inside for him to EAT?!" Flecko began laughing derangedly, causing me to officially surpass my boiling point once and for all.

"DIE, MOTHERFUCKER!" I absolutely SCREAMED at Flecko like never before, flying straight at him and jabbing my upper right thumbnail directly into his left eye at maximum velocity before he could even begin to react; apart from blinding him and causing him to blood-curdlingly shriek in pain, this also made him drop his knife, giving me ample time to steal it from him, tackle him flat onto the ground and zero in for the kill.

"LET'S SEE HOW YOU FUCKING LIKE GETTING FIELD-DRESSED, SHALL WE? YEAH, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?! HOW DO YOU FUCKING LIKE IT?! AHHA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAAAAH!!!" I began horrifically shrieking and laughing maniacally at the tops of my ever-loving lungs as I viciously carved Flecko's entire torso wide-open with his very own precious knife and then proceeded to gorily slice and dice every single one of his repulsive, disgusting torso organs into papery, bloody shreds with that very SAME precious knife of his, laughing all the way as nearly ALL of my body got completely DRENCHED in my victim's distinctly scarlet-colored blood from head to toe.

"ALRIGHT, THAT'S IT, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, I'M CALLING THE LOCAL BRAIN SURGEON! ALSO THE POLICE!" Virginia (who had supposedly been made to throw up so ridiculously hard by her personal witnessing of the events leading up to this particular moment that it actually BROKE her duct tape right off, therefore allowing her to chew right through her ropes and break free of her restraints at long, LONG last) screamed and cried in frantic terror as she desperately reached into her pants pocket, pulled out her iPhone and dialed 9-1-1 while the rest of her family muffledly begged for dear life to also be let out of THEIR respective restraints. Needless to say, Virginia definitely complied.

Also needless to say, there was most certainly an awful LOT of talk going on between the Wolfes about the absolute INSANITY of what(ever in the actual flying fuck) had just happened between me and Flecko while the six of them were on their way to the local hospital in their trusty mini-van.

"You know what? If you ask me, the writer of this story should, like, totally be BANNED from every fandom and stuff!" Cindy disgustedly laughed at xandermartin98's expense while I just wholeheartedly and THANKFULLY reclothedly nodded my poor, poor, POOR little head and agreed (not to mention terrifiedly sat on my pathetic, blood-soaked, quivering-kneed, PTSD-crippled ass and trembled helplessly against the base structure of Virginia's central nervous computer, lovingly cradling my adorable new maggot baby in my lower right arm to stop it from causing any further psychological damage to poor old Virginia while laughably sucking my thumb with my upper left arm...and also devastatedly crying and sobbing all the while, naturally).

"All I (TWITCH) know is that I (TWITCH) DEFINITELY (VIOLENT TWITCH) am NOT (TWITCH) wearing (TWITCH) ANY sort of (TWITCH) earbuds again any time (TWITCH) soon..." Virginia, who had more-than-understandably been reduced into a complete nervous wreck by what she had just witnessed happening literally inside of her own head, very awkwardly and disjointedly stammered, glancing rapidly from side to side and vibrating intensely in her seat (to the point where I could even pretty strongly feel the vibrations in her BRAIN as well) as she frightenedly struggled to remain focused on the road ahead of her.

"Am I honestly the only one here that had the strangest boner while watching...whatever in the actual fuck that was...happen?" Peter Wolfe audibly swallowed his pride and confessed, causing Grandpa to smack him upside the head with his cane while George smashed him square in the nose

with a beer bottle. "Yeah, sure, go ahead...make my brain even MORE weird and defective, why don't you..." he dizzily slurred before finally passing out with his eyes crossed in awkward directions and his tongue hanging out like that of a drooling idiot.

"I swear to Christ, that's the LAST time I'm refusing to follow Grandpa's advice on not raising children that aren't pure-bred..." George angrily muttered to himself, clenching his fists frustratedly in disappointment.

"Well, sure, his fur might be blue, but at least it's not BLACK like that damned hippie fly that Virginia's got stuck in her noggin right now!" Grandpa chuckled merrily while I just crossed my arms over my chest and went "HMPH".

"I don't even understand...what HAPPENED anyway?" Heffer scratched his head and asked curiously while literally all five of his fellow Wolfe family members just shrugged their shoulders and went "who knows?" in response.

A few minutes later at her designated operation table, Dr. Hutchison, in all of her weird, redheaded, hook-handed, batshit-crazy, feline glory, was now getting ready to FINALLY set me free from Virginia's head (while the other five Wolfes were busy waiting in a hallway outside, thankfully) so that I could live "HAPPILY" ever after in the real world.

"Uhh...(TWITCH)...THIS part isn't going to (TWITCH) hurt TOO (TWITCH) much, is it?" Virginia asked Hutchison fearfully, trying desperately to remain as perfectly still as possible while Hutchison curiously looked straight down at her now fully exposed brain, holding the now-disembodied (with a hacksaw) top part of Virginia's head with her left hand and readying herself for the next part of the operation with her right...oh right, HOOK while Virginia shook violently and nearly wet herself in terror.

"Now, now, calm down; everything's going to be perfectly fine! KAY?!" Hutchison calmly explained to Virginia, then suddenly shouted with a freakishly sharp tilt of her head (BOY, would I have loved to see what in the actual HELL was going on inside THAT one) as she literally pulled the entire top part of Virginia's brain wide open with her bare extremities (causing everything in it to suddenly go pitch dark as Virginia made pretty much the exact same face that Peter had made just a few minutes ago, naturally), reached straight into the resulting gaping hole with her blood-soaked left hand and lifted me, Flecko and my just-born baby right out, setting us down on her instrument table, pulling out a size-alteration gun from her pocket and finally growing the three of us to standard human size with it as she then proceeded to VERY haphazardly stitch Virginia's brain back together, as well as also stitch the top part back onto her skull as well (Frankenstein-style, no less), all while humming Ride Of The Valkyries to herself; needless to say, Virginia was NOT happy to see me.

"How DARE you show your face in front of me?!" Virginia once again completely broke character and savagely growled at the mere sight of me, causing even Hutchison herself to meekly curl up and cower in the back-right corner of the room while me and my baby (and Flecko) did much of the same in the FRONT-right corner of the room.

"Alright, alright, listen; it's REALLY not what it looks like, I can ASSURE- OOGH!" I got up onto my feet, did the jazz hands and explained nervously to her while my dear little maggot nibbled on my shoe...that is, at least until she officially lost her patience and grabbed me right by the neck with both of her hands!

"(CHOKE) (COUGH) (CHOKE) PLEASE (SPUTTER) LET (GASP) GO OF ME, I'M (CHOKE) BEGGING (COUGH) YOU!" I desperately stammered, choked and coughed, my face turning purple from lack of oxygen as my abnormally numerous limbs flailed all over the place like those

of a stunted ragdoll.

"Let's just settle this in COURT, shall we?" Virginia angrily but respectfully growled at me, finally letting me free from her throat-crushing grip and setting me back down on the floor; although she DID rather understandably attempt to spit on me in disgust, I luckily had Flecko's slowly but surely rotting corpse on hand to protect me (hopefully from the absolutely MERCILESS brutality of law enforcement as well, might I add) while my new maggot baby was (albeit obviously reluctantly) nursed to health by Hutchison.

Surely enough, at the local Supreme Court Building of O-Town, I was indeed charged with the murder of Flecko (a murderous, rapist thug who most CERTAINLY deserved it, might I add) as well as the invasion of Mrs. Virginia Wolfe's body, and was accompanied by Rocko, Filburt, and Flecko's DEAD BODY (as my attorneys) as well as the Wolfe family (obviously as my plaintiffs). Furthermore, my judge was the filthy-rich, sadistic, crotchety old amphibian bastard and high-ranking Con-Glom-O executive known as Edward Bighead (with his judiciary assistant being his surprisingly sweet and mild-mannered wife Beverly Bighead), while the surrounding witness audience was just a bunch of generic lizard employees (presumably of Con-Glom-O) who literally just sat around picking their noses the whole time.

"Alright, just for STARTERS, these two ruined my mother's delicious pie!" Heffer cried, pointing angrily at me and Flecko and sobbing like a baby while Virginia obnoxiously smothered him with hugs and kisses.

"They introduced me to fetishes that I didn't even know I had." Peter shrugged and sighed just as flatly as ever.

"They're fucking disgusting, rotten, garbage-eating INSECTS!" Grandpa sneered bitterly and threateningly shook his cane at me and Flecko, prompting an extremely irritated "HISS" and a whopping FOUR middle fingers from me in response.

"HEY, WATCH YOUR SODDING LANGUAGE! THIS AIN'T A DAMNED QUENTIN TARANTINO MOVIE, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!" Edward ridiculously melodramatically scolded Grandpa, slamming his gavel against his lectern to quiet the (other) cynical old fart down.

"Why, no, of COURSE not, it's a Joel Schumacher movie!" I slyly reached into Flecko's throat through the massive, gaping hole in his torso with my upper left arm, manipulated his hollowed-out upper and lower jaws with my hand (THANKFULLY wearing my signature GLOVES this time) and pretended to smugly snark in his voice...without ever actually moving my mouth. Huh? What do you MEAN, this was fucked up?

While Edward was busy glaring at me like Pepe The Frog, the rest of the Wolfes piped up with their OWN cheap excuses for why I supposedly deserved to be sent to prison for killing a violent rapist in self-defense.

"She literally used our mother as her own personal PLAYTHING!" Cindy slammed her palms forcefully onto the plaintiff table and yelled, displaying several incriminating security photos of me at the central nervous computer of Virginia's brain (but luckily not actually controlling it, making said evidence utterly useless).

"OBJECTION, sister!" Beverly sassily yelled back at Cindy. "You don't have ANY real proof of that!"

"Oh (TWITCH), REALLY? Do these (TWITCH) SECOND-DEGREE BURNS from getting a maximum-temperature, just-cooked PIE unwillingly (VIOLENT TWITCH) slammed RIGHT into

my (TWITCH) face by my VERY OWN (TWITCH) freaking arms perhaps ring a bell to you?" Virginia frustratedly asked the judges, pointing directly at her swollen, rash-covered face with both index fingers.

"Sorry; still not legitimate PROOF, bucko!" I smarmily teased her through my Flecko puppet with yet another insufferably self-assured and smug grin on my face while she just angrily growled at me in response.

"For CRYING out loud, NONE of this pointless garbage even REMOTELY relates to the REAL case at hand here!" Filburt viciously slammed his fist against the defendant table (causing both me and Rocko alike to reflexively flinch backward in surprise) and yelled at the Wolfes, angrily shaking his fist at them.

"Then what DOES? I thought it was supposed to be about FOOD or something!" Heffer dopily replied, scratching his head and once again crossing his eyes and sticking out his tongue "like" a brainless idiot while Rocko slammed his palms loudly against the defendant table and gave the court a piece of his mind.

"NO, DAMN IT, IT'S ABOUT AN OTHERWISE INNOCENT LITTLE CUPCAKE'S MOTIVATIONS BEHIND KILLING SOMEONE IN COLD BLOOD! SIMPLE AS THAT!" Rocko loudly explained, pointing at me and my painfully obvious...AHM... "stuffed doll" of Flecko while I just crossed my blood-covered arms behind my blood-covered back, smiled from ear to ear and whistled as innocently as I could manage.

"Um, ex-CUSE me?! COLD BLOOD?! The freaking crazy bastard tried to RAPE me literally to DEATH, for God's sake!" I threw my arms out beside me and exasperatedly pointed out to Rocko while all of the other members of the court just nodded their heads in agreement.

"Yeah, and you'd sure as hell better BELIEVE that I was successful too!" I sarcastically jeered and chortled through my Flecko puppet to try and "convince" the audience that I actually WAS, in fact, legally insane. Unfortunately, however, they still weren't buying it, despite my best efforts ironically having happened way BEFORE the case even started.

"Hey, SHUT UP, you!" I sneered jokingly at my Flecko puppet, punching it across the face with not one but BOTH of my right arms and accidentally knocking its glass eye out while the real one just hung emptily from its socket. Unfortunately, this just caused my fellow attorneys to once again roll their eyes and facepalm.

"Oh my god, do I REALLY have to spell it OUT to you people?" Cindy threw her arms up in the air and exasperatedly sighed. "Maggie here was, quite frankly, an accomplice to a crime that was simply nothing short of HEINOUS! Why, until our local nurse got ahold of her, she was planning to fill Mom's head with MAGGOTS, for Christ's sake! Honestly, what kind of, like, viable excuse and whatnot is there for THAT?!" she threw her arms out beside her and continued exasperatedly ranting.

"HEY! NOT TRUE!" I pointed angrily at Cindy with both left index fingers and yelled. "Flecko was simply my typical shady old uncle who told me that he was taking me to my favorite place in the world, which in this case happened to be a rock concert, then suddenly took me down a whole different path ENTIRELY! WHY WON'T ANY OF YOU PEOPLE BELIEVE MEE-HEE-HEE-HEE?!" I broke down and sobbed hysterically, slamming my head and forearms down on the defendant table in yet another good old manic fit of anxiety and depression.

"AGAIN, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, IT'S ALL BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE ANY PROOF!" Edward yelled frustratedly at me, slamming his gavel against his lectern yet again, this time to

quiet ME down.

"If we just had some kind of recorded video that we could use as proper evidence suggesting that poor little Maggie here actually IS, in fact, just as youthfully and ADORABLY innocent as she looks after all, THEN this case would be a walk in the PARK!" Beverly pointed out with a nice, big, overly friendly smile, causing Heffer to suddenly remember something that he had quite nearly forgotten!

"Oh, RIGHT, the VIDEO! Here, we've got the whole thing downloaded onto this video camera from the security camera feed in our basement! Go ahead and play it on the projector and hopefully you'll see what Maggie's talking about!" Heffer nervously explained as he suddenly pulled the Wolfes' personal favorite video camera literally right out of his corny, suspender-trousers-wearing ass and gave it to Edward.

"Well, to be fair, Edward may have been right about Heffer being a brain-dead flunkie, but he just might have officially saved the day yet again..." Filburt VERY condescendingly leaned over towards me and whispered into my antenna while I just speechlessly nodded my head in agreement.

Once the video was finished, the courtroom's perspective on my actions thankfully changed a good bit for the better, but the plaintiffs were still shockingly hard to convince that I actually WAS, despite (and also largely BECAUSE of) being utterly BATSHIT crazy, completely innocent after all.

"So tell me, boys, what'd you think of the rape scene? Personally, I thought it was rather DELICIOUSLY kinky if I do say so myself! Yum, YUM!" Beverly suavely teased me and Virginia, licking her lips with a nice big SLURP sound effect and giving both of us a truly dreadful case of the amphibian bedroom eyes while Rocko dutifully shielded my OWN eyes from her ever-so-piercingly-seductive glare with his hands.

"Are you (TWITCH) fricking KIDDING me? Maggie and Flecko (TWITCH) bound and gagged not only me, but also my entire immediate (TWITCH) FAMILY, and forced us to helplessly, miserably (VIOLENT TWITCH) watch as they had some of THE absolute most REPULSIVE (TWITCH) sex I can possibly IMAGINE...inside of my own freaking (VIOLENT TWITCH) BRAIN, no less!" Virginia clutched her clearly aching head with both hands and ranted lividly. "Jeez, can anyone say SCARRED FOR (TWITCH) LIFE?!" she continued, throwing her arms out beside her in yet another manic fit of exasperation.

"Uh, YEAH!?" I frustratedly threw my OWN arms out beside me and yelled at her.

"I'M NAUSEOUS...I'M NAUSEOUS...I'M NAUSEOUS..." Filburt began mindlessly chanting in response to the video before finally putting the back of his hand over his forehead and collapsing backward onto the floor.

"OH, NO...TURTLE ON HIS BACK...IN THE COURTROOM..." Filburt exasperatedly groaned as he helplessly rocked back and forth on the floor, desperately struggling to get back up onto his feet.

While I was busy irritatedly pulling Filburt back up onto his feet, the Wolfes continued spreading their lies as usual.

"Now look, I'm not exactly a master detective or anything, but wouldn't Maggie and Flecko both participating in the brief but excruciatingly embarrassing takeover of Virginia's body technically, by definition, make them BOTH culprits here?" Peter boredly and flatly suggested, still comically

missing the point.

"Oh, SURE, why not just ask MY body then? I mean, it's not like it's ever going to LIE or anything!" I extremely bitterly snarked through my Flecko puppet, sincerely hoping that this WOULD, in fact, be the straw that officially broke the camel's back and FINALLY, at long last, persuaded the defendants, plaintiffs and judges surrounding me to cut the crap once and for all and get to the REAL point of the case.

"Honestly, my dear Judge, this raises yet ANOTHER extremely important question!" Filburt suddenly rose from his seat and pointed out, gently placing his left hand on his right shoulder and sympathetically gesturing toward me with his right hand. "What if Maggie actually IS, in fact, legally insane?"

"Wouldn't be terribly SURPRISING at this point, now WOULD it?!" I laughed bitterly through my Flecko puppet.

"NOW, NOW, NOW, let's not jump to conclusions so quickly!" Edward slammed his gavel against his lectern yet again and assertively commanded his subjects. "You see, the McNaughten Rule clearly states-

"That a person must be unable to tell right from wrong, and/or unaware of the consequences of his/her actions, in order to be termed legally insane; yeah, yeah, I know...but come ON, do you REALLY think that someone as young and mentally fragile as THIS girl would be able to remain mentally stable after what THAT sick fuck that she's currently using as her literal FLESH PUPPET did to her? I mean, COME ON, you freaking SAW the video, didn't you?!" Filburt ranted increasingly angrily at Edward, concluding his lecture by furiously slamming his fists against the defendant table and causing me and Rocko to startledly flinch backward in surprise yet again.

"Yes, and I will gladly admit that I've literally NEVER been more disgusted in my entire LIFE..." Edward nodded his head and shamefully agreed (with me VERY much following suit).

"HOWEVER," he pointed out, swinging his right index finger valiantly at the plaintiffs, "does this really prove Maggie to be innocent?"

"Why, no, of COURSE not! If anything, what it PROVES is that she's a fucking disgusting, putrid animal with absolutely NO respect for the laws of society!" Grandpa Wolfe sneered, rather shockingly causing VIRGINIA, of all people, to straight-up slug him across the face. "OW, what was THAT for?!" he whined, rubbing his cheek to ease the pain.

"I mean, granted, what he (TWITCH) did to her certainly WAS (TWITCH) monumentally worse overall than what she (TWITCH) did to him, but still, she had only-GOD-knows-(TWITCH)-how-many different (TWITCH) opportunities to stop working with that godforsaken (TWITCH) creepshow BEFORE something like this could have been given the (VIOLENT TWITCH) opportunity to happen, don't you (TWITCH) THINK?" Virginia nervously drummed her fingers together Rocko-style and explained every bit as half-heartedly as ever, her eyes randomly darting all around the room like me on a sugar rush.

"Sure wouldn't have stopped ME..." Beverly seductively crooned to the plaintiffs, much to their immense disgust.

"ALRIGHT, ENOUGH OF THIS!" Edward slammed his gavel against his lectern rather notably more forcefully than any of the previous times and yelled exasperatedly at the top of his lungs. "I'd say it's about time that we settled this with the REAL empathizers here: DID Flecko here deserve to DIE?" he looked over at me and my fellow defendants and asked us curiously.

"Well, what do you think? He raped a freaking 12-YEAR OLD GIRL nearly to DEATH, then attempted to cut open her stomach and eat, at the very LEAST, her baby that he had literally JUST non-consensually gotten her pregnant with, if not both that AND literally ALL of her blasted internal organs...presumably so that he could THEN go on to freaking lobotomize Heffer's entire family one by one, from the INSIDE, mind you, while they were all bound, gagged and defenseless! If you ask me, literally EVERYONE AT the freaking plaintiff table right now owes his/her godforsaken LIFE to good old Maggie over here! I rest my case, good sir." Filburt put his left hand over his chest and explained to Edward in a shockingly calm monotone, even going as far as to politely bow to him before finally retaking his seat.

"Well...can't argue with THAT, can we?" the Wolfe family all rather evidently thought to themselves in unison while I just smugly glared at them with only THE most blatantly "I told you so" expression that I could possibly muster, even going as far as to once again cross my arms over my chest just for good measure.

"Anyway, long story short, judga-roonie, YES, HE DESERVED TO DIE, AND I HOPE HE BURNS IN HELL!" I calmly, smugly and sassily twirled out into the space in-between the defendant table and the plaintiff table and teased Edward with a genuinely proud and self-assured smirk...then suddenly went completely fucking NUCLEAR and began screaming at the tops of my lungs, causing everyone in the entire courtroom to begin humiliatingly glaring at me.

"Um...heh-heh, oh MY! Sure do wonder what could have brought THAT out of me?" I embarrassedly drummed my fingers together, glanced back and forth, placed my upper right hand over the back of my head and nervously chuckled, blushing from ear to ear as Rocko FINALLY made himself useful and took the final stand that changed everything once and for all.

"In all honesty, does that wonderfully cathartic, albeit admittedly highly embarrassing, last-second outburst of hers not make poor little Maggie's testimony seem all the more GENUINE as a result of it?" Rocko suddenly leapt up onto his desk with an extremely pronounced BOING sound effect and began dramatically monologuing while me and Filburt just boredly looked up at him.

"What exactly in us seeks truth?" Rocko asked the plaintiffs and judges curiously, looking (at all the lonely people) all around himself just for added emphasis. "Our minds...or is it our hearts? You see, Maggie is trying to prove that artificially size-increased insects CAN, in fact, win an unfair trial in the corporate industrial hell that is now America. She wants to prove that we ARE, in fact, all equal in the eyes of the law, no matter how big or how small."

"But that's simply NOT the truth, you see." Rocko continued, closing his eyes and honorably placing his left hand over his chest just like Filburt had done earlier. "The eyes of the law are savage animal eyes...yours and mine alike, and until we can see each other as equals, justice is quite frankly NEVER going to be even-handed. It will merely be a reflection of our own selfish prejudices." he explained, glaring downright evilly at the Wolfes.

"So until that day arrives, we have a duty under God to seek the truth...not with our minds, where fear and hate turn commonality into prejudice, but with our hearts...but sadly, we just don't seem to KNOW any better, now DO we?" Rocko sighed, already visibly tearing up and making me want to hug and cuddle him SO very, very much as he shamefully hung his head, closed his eyes, lightly pounded on his chest with his right fist and dangled the left one valiantly beside him in preparation for what would THANKFULLY turn out to be more-or-less this story's grand finale.

"Guys...I want to tell all of you a story. Please, PLEASE close your eyes and listen as carefully as can be...while I tell it. I want you all to LISTEN to me. I want to see you all listen to your SELVES. Go ahead, be my dearly appreciated guests. Damn it, I said close your eyes, PLEASE." Rocko

explained every bit as admirably solemnly as ever as the entire courtroom suddenly darkened as if it were a movie theatre, then proceeded to shine its obligatory spotlight precisely on him and nothing else as I then proceeded to proudly follow his instructions and, at least for the time being, absolutely NO ONE else's. Ah, yes, the spotlight of the world's biggest rock concert...EXACTLY the place in which I had always DREAMED of being...

"This is a story about a freakishly scrawny and sextuple-limbed little pink-haired fly-girl guitarist lazing about at home in just one of many residentialized pieces of discarded food-container waste deep in the heart of the local O-Town junkyard. I want you to picture this adorably hideous freak of early-to-mid-2000s marketing nature." Rocko explained, causing me to self-consciously snicker at how painfully right he was.

"Suddenly, a disgustingly smelly and unwashed hobo nosedives down onto her front doorstep. This repulsive husk of a man grabs her, straight-up STEALS her from her own beloved family and then just recklessly flies off with her, manipulatively seducing and brainwashing her into catering to his every ridiculous whim with the everlasting and indeed VERY true promise of finding an infinitely better, more substantial life with INFINITELY more appetizing things to eat once she finally escapes from her pathetic, backwater, literal gutter-trash JOKE of a hometown and breaks out into the REAL world with him once and for all." Rocko explained, amazingly encapsulating my exact thoughts on the matter effortlessly.

"He drags her into a poor, innocent old woman's brain after extensively showing her just how incredibly rude and uncivilized the REST of said poor old lady's family can be at times of stress, and purely out of spite for how much society has hatefully scorned her and treated her as the literal lowest of the low despite her clearly being one of the most irresistibly charming and intelligent young women this side of the planet Earth, she decides that she HERSELF wants to literally seize control over the MORE fortunate and have some astonishingly spiteful and selfish fun of her OWN with THEM for a change..." Rocko continued explaining, admittedly making me blush pretty warmly but still not convincing me that making Virginia smash a fucking 400-DEGREE pie right into her face just for the pure LITERALLY orgasmic pleasure of it wasn't THE absolute most despicably hateful and sadistic thing I'd EVER done in my entire LIFE.

"At first, it starts out as just a relatively innocent, albeit rather questionably mean-spirited, little prank and hardly anything more...but then the hobo forces the girl into making her new mind-control host tie up and gag her entire family so that they'll have no other choice but to watch as he verbally threatens her into pulling off her clothes one by one, despite the fact that her identification card specifically shows her to be exactly TWELVE YEARS OLD. He experiments with numerous abhorrent fetishes involving his unspeakably atrocious, as in basically nonexistent, bodily hygiene...raping her senseless...shattering everything innocent and pure about her...and need I mention...in the absolute most dreadfully traumatizing ways that you can possibly imagine." Rocko explained, somewhat making me wish that he wouldn't remind me as I tried dearly not to vomit just from THINKING about it.

"And when he's bored...from how much he's...made her eat almost every single one of the absolute grossest bodily substances imaginable...murdered any chance for her to ever have an untainted appetite for sex again...to have a body...that hasn't been sexually violated...by the most disgusting man in the universe...he uses her for physical abuse practice. So he brutally stomps her face into the ground with his repugnant, fungus-oozing bare feet. He slashes said face so hard with his brown, crusty toenails...that it tears the flesh of said face all the way down to her skull. AND he also bites her nipples off with his indescribably vile excuses for teeth, as well as at least half of one of her antennae." Rocko explained, effectively making me all the more GLAD that I HAD chosen to kill Flecko in cold blood.

"Now comes the drugging." Rocko continued. "He punches her so hard that it actually draws blood and completely knocks her out after just ONE measly hit. Then he forces a HUGELY oversized tab of acid into her mouth while she isn't looking. Little does she know that said tab's effects on her perception of the world around her, although extremely fast-acting, will only last for about two minutes by the time that she's woken up. Imagine thinking that you've finally gotten married to the dream love of your life...then experiencing a sudden blindingly cruel jerk back into reality when the hallucinogenic batch sample that you've been given turns out to be a complete bullshit dud and reveals at the last second that you've been straight-up tongue-kissing with someone who not only has the officially confirmed grossest mouth on the planet, but is also definitely at least ONE of the world's most horrifyingly psychotic serial child rapists." Rocko explained, causing me to fearfully shudder at the mere remembrance of it.

"She's thrown for several mental loops and her brain goes racking...but she still can't think of any way to escape, so she instead decides to turn on the security camera function of her former mind-control host's brain so that outside forces witnessing the live recording of what she's being mercilessly put through by this complete and utter PSYCHOPATH that she is now helplessly trapped inside the head of an already rather mentally unstable woman with can perhaps maybe, just MAYBE, come and save her before it's too late..." Rocko continued explaining while I just emotionlessly nodded my head in response.

"But alas, no one comes, the poor little girl gets impregnated by this deplorable scum-heap of a person with literally NO redeeming qualities so that he can cut her open and eat her unborn fetus before it ever has the chance to even BE born in the first place...and if she wants to survive this whole ordeal, she unfortunately ends up being left with absolutely no choice whatsoever...but to immediately steal his pocket knife from him the very MILLISECOND that he drops his guard and viciously show him what getting one's entire chest cut open and field-dressed REALLY feels like." Rocko sobbed vehemently while nearly everyone else in the entire room also shockingly began to follow suit ALONG with me.

"Can you see her now? Her raped...beaten...mentally broken body...smothered in his DISGUSTING stench...defiled by his nasty yellow semen...soaked DAMNINGLY in his blood...left to effectively starve to death until further notice." Rocko began sobbing even MORE vehemently while both me and the rest of his audience continued to follow suit, opening our eyes widely back up all the while.

"I said, CAN you SEE her now? I want you to picture...that utterly batshit-crazy little girl...now, imagine that she's a proud, whitelisted citizen of the United States Of America." Rocko finished, bowing sorrowfully to the judges while literally everyone else in the entire courtroom (including me, for the record) was busy scraping "his/her" freaking JAW off of the floor from how breathtakingly beautiful his performance was.

"OH MY GOD, IT'S THE SADDEST STORY SINCE BAMBI!" Heffer cried like a baby, burying his face in his hands while the rest of the Wolfe family (barring Grandpa, Cindy and Peter, at least) followed suit.

"J-just for the r-record, s-she's still n-not allowed on my l-lawn until I've c-c-confirmed that I can t-trust her..." Grandpa stammered and sobbed brokenly (for ONCE, I was actually able to somewhat relate to him; who would've thought), with several manly tears leaking from his eyes as he desperately struggled to fight them back.

"What? What's not to TRUST about me, huh?" I sarcastically jeered at myself through my Flecko puppet.

"WOW, that was, like, SO fricking pretentious and emotionally heavy-handed! Rocko should, like, be the storywriter for a freaking indie game or some shit if you ask me!" Cindy laughed and sobbed dejectedly, prompting a loud chant of "LANGUAGE" from Edward and the background lizards.

"I'm just wondering when we can go out to eat. I'm starving." Peter sighed flatly, shrugging his shoulders.

"You see, the problem with getting told such a soul-crushingly sad and depressing story is that the TEARS come off on your HANDS...every time you wash your hands, you have to wash your hands...you wash your hands, you wash your hands. You wash your hands...w-wash your hands. And then you wash your hands...a-and then you wash your hands." Filburt began devastatedly sobbing, briefly pulling his comically oversized glasses off so that he could wipe the tears off of them with his handkerchief.

"OH, WHO AM I KI-HI-HIDDING? I LOVE YOU SO-HO-HO VERY MU-HU-HU-HUCH, ROCKO! C'MERE! (SMOOCH! SMOOCH! SMOOCH!)" Filburt suddenly began bawling his ever-loving head off, grabbing Rocko and squeezing him like the great big teddy bear that he most CERTAINLY was while also giving him several wet, sloppy kisses on the (face) cheek just for good measure!

"I'm never eating flies alive AGAI-HI-HI-HINNN!" Beverly also bawled HER ever-loving head off, already beginning to rapidly flood the entire courtroom with her own incessant and probably largely fake tears while Edward just boredly, depressedly sighed and muttered the words "I hate my life" under his breath.

"ANYWAY," Edward loudly cleared his throat and began, slamming his gavel against the lectern one last time before finally standing straight up and honorably placing his left hand over his chest yet again, "MARGARET...MARY...PESKY...IS..."

"INNOCENT?" I smugly asked him through my Flecko puppet, flinging it behind me, crossing all four of my arms behind my back and nervously grinning from ear to ear with a nice, big and rosy blush as I began trembling and sweating just as ridiculously feverishly as ever yet again.

"YES, GOD DAMN IT, INNOCENT!" Edward laughed uproariously, tossing his gavel straight up into the air and jumping for joy while literally everyone in the courtroom BESIDES him and Beverly formed together into a great big swarm and carried me out of the building just like the legendary rockstar that I had always dreamed of being ever since I was in kindergarten.

"WHEE!" I squealed and giggled ecstatically, waving all four of my arms up and down like a hyperactive hummingbird and understandably attracting all SORTS of weird looks as a result as the big, unruly mob of former court attendants carried me right back out into the bright, colorful and gorgeous world of O-Town, singing like characters straight out of a Disney musical all the while.

"MAGGIE FOUGHT THE SUPREME COURT! MAGGIE FOUGHT THE XENOPHOBIC USA! THEY WERE TALL AND SHE WAS SHORT! (But not TOO short!) MAGGIE FOUGHT THE SUPREME COURT!" everyone in the mob cheered and laughed joyfully while dutifully carrying me off to the local O-Town mental institution.

A few months later, after I had FINALLY (at least somewhat) gotten over my rape-induced PTSD and also been let out of my straitjacket (my cocoon, if you will) as well as the glorified prison itself, I eagerly flew over to the nearest Buzzbucks coffee shop (surprisingly NOT actually related to flies, believe it or not) and saw on the local news broadcast there that, as a true testament to just how INCREDIBLY fast my species' equivalent to children really DID grow up after all, my

admittedly shockingly precious and beautiful little baby (who had now grown into an adorable little suit-and-tie-wearing pupa boy that was very cornily named Flesky Pesky by both me and Hutchison alike) was only about three months old and had already been elected by Mr. Dupette and the Bigheads to deliver yet ANOTHER extremely long and riveting inspirational speech to the general public, this time about how "all living creatures of the earth should be treated equally".

Cutting it down to the part that actually mattered, what he concluded the speech with was exactly this:

"FORGET making us sweet, innocent flies live in nasty shambled-together shantytowns in the middle of garbage dumps! MAKE US BIG! Big like all of the naysayers that oppressed us!" Flesky announced to his audience through the microphone of his presidential lectern, with a giant American flag naturally serving as the background curtain for his speech while nearly everyone in the audience raised their fists and began chanting "MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG!" in response.

Surely enough, Flesky most certainly DID indeed get exactly what he (and surprisingly, the rest of O-Town) wanted. The entire former citizen population of Stickyfeet was promptly relocated into the local hospital and grown to the very same standard human size that I had been grown to by Hutchison and her size-alteration gun (with Stickyfeet itself still remaining perfectly intact in the junkyard as a historical site for normal-sized insects, weirdly enough), and the fresh, delicious food and classy suburban lifestyle that said population had always dreamed of, needless to say, followed shortly thereafter.

Satisfied that all had ended well, I decided to head over to my family's new formerly abandoned house (which was yet ANOTHER ridiculously fancy two-story one right next to Rocko's and Heffer's, naturally; also, Flesky was busy sleeping soundly in the house's nursery room, so please don't worry about him) and (admittedly somewhat nervously) ring the doorbell...which, amusingly enough, caused me to reflexively jump back in surprise from how loud it was as Chauncey relievingly came and opened the door for me.

"OH MY GOD, Maggie, you have NO IDEA how long we've been waiting to SEE you again! Come on, give me a hug, sweetheart! (SMOOCH! SMOOCH! SMOOCH!)" Chauncey lovingly sobbed and laughed, scooping me up into all four of his dearly loving arms and cuddling me warmly (and also giving me several wet, sloppy kisses on the cheek).

"In the name of all that is HOLY, my precious little cupcake, WHERE have you BEEN?" Frieda cradled me softly and tightly with all four of her OWN arms (accidentally squishing my brightly blushing face into her boobs) and relievedly asked me as she once again stroked me like a precious little kitten before finally setting me back down onto the floor.

"Oh, believe me, you do NOT want to know..." I nervously shivered, trembled and stammered in fear, gulping audibly and dearly wondering exactly HOW I was going to find it within myself to confess what I had gotten myself into with that sick, degenerate bastard Flecko to my parents (not to mention my brothers as well) as I was happily led into our new dining room by the former so that we could prepare for our Thanksgiving feast.

By the time I had finally finished explaining myself, much to my surprise, my fellow family members at the soon-to-be Thanksgiving dinner table actually looked entirely SYMPATHETIC toward my historical plight with Flecko, rather than just simply being plain disgusted by my actions. (To be fair, though, the fact that the court case that my actions ended up resulting in played such a big part in finally freeing them from their FORMER lives probably had a LOT to do with it.)

"Can you tell that to me as a bedtime story every Saturday, please? PRETTY please?" Pupert

hopped up and down in his booster seat and rather disturbingly excitedly asked me, prompting a resounding smugly shut-eyed and arms-crossed-on-chest chortle of "HA ha ha, NO" from me while the rest of the dinner table attendants agreeingly nodded their heads.

"All I know is that you really are an AWFULLY brave girl to have survived something like THAT so easily! Ridiculously smart, too...you know, you really ought to APPLY yourself more!" Chauncey merrily patted me on the back and chuckled while Frieda got out her trusty economy lighter and lit the menorah in the center of the table.

"Oh, what, you mean work in an OFFICE building?" I smugly smirked at him and teased him.

"Well, uh, YEAH..." Chauncey depressedly folded his upper left arm behind his head, scratched his neck with his upper right arm and shrugged while I just sarcastically smiled and patted him on the back in response.

"You know, as much as I really, REALLY do want to say 'I told you so' right now, I guess that in a weird way, YOU, Maggie, were actually the one that told ME so after all!" Aldrin leaned back in his chair, crossed his upper arms behind his head and chuckled smugly.

"Look, all I really know for the time being is that you are an absolute HERO to your kind and deserve to be treated as such! Now go ahead and eat like a QUEEN, darling!" Frieda joyfully reassured me as she proudly took our now finally-cooled-off Thanksgiving turkey off of the kitchen stovetop with her ever-so-trusty quadruple oven mitts and set it down smack-dab in the middle of the table, with me and the rest of the family just flabbergastedly licking our lips and drooling in response as Mom then proceeded to also set up the mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, stuffing, green beans and bread rolls for us (and also herself, obviously).

And wouldn't you know it? I...MAGGIE PESKY HERSELF...carved the roast beast!

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